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BOOK NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

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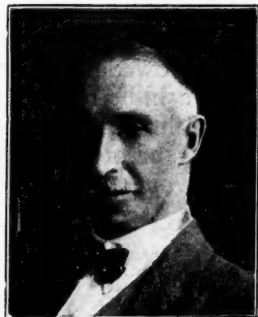
NOTHING is so interesting as the springs of a great man's action and in a new volume on *Roosevelt*, Mr. Lewis Einstein has skilfully revealed them and given also a convincing appraisal of their enduring results. In his work, Mr. Einstein has had the advantage of knowing the college friends of Roosevelt, and he has been able to trace Roosevelt's early career from a fresh point of

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view during the years when it was still uncertain whether his activities would lead to failure or success. Mr. Einstein was, moreover, a personal friend of Roosevelt's and it was to him that Mr. Einstein owed his first diplomatic appointment. Of particular interest is a hitherto unpublished letter to the author in which Roosevelt criticises the various peace plans put forward at the end of the War, and outlines his own ideas of a court of arbitration to which the United States should adhere.

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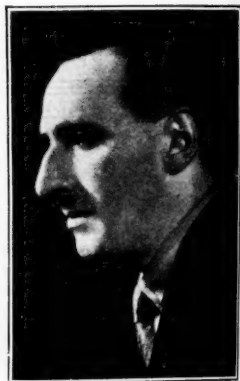
BOOK NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

With the Rhine Army of Occupation

A WRITER who calls himself 'Apex' was with the British Army on the Rhine from the beginning of 1923 until 1927, and during that time he kept a diary from which he has now written a book entitled *The Uneasy Triangle*. The volume is not intended to be a complete history of that period of the occupation but is rather an account of the author's personal impressions, for he was in an exceptional position, in that he had a number of family connections in the Rhineland, through whom he was able to come into contact with Germans whom otherwise he could not have met. This record, therefore, of his impressions is not merely full of human interest, but is also a valuable contribution to modern European history.

A tale of great restlessness and of life

IN *The Man from Butler's* Mr. Charles Landstone has handled a difficult theme with high authority and marked success and made a notable advance even upon '*The Kerrels of Hill End*.' The man from Butler's is a courier, the servant of a great travel agency, and it is with his adventures, professional and personal, that the story is concerned. This is a tale of restlessness both of mind and body, of life and of love, as seen by the wanderers in the world of the couriers and on the stage, and it ends tensely in vivid drama.



[Photo by Pollard Crowther.]
CHARLES LANDSTONE.

Of keen interest to lawyers and laymen alike

THERE is to-day a reawakening of public interest in the improvement of our courts of law and the question of the enormous cost of litigation is receiving prominence in all quarters, chiefly because it affects all classes of people. In a carefully prepared work entitled *In Quest of Justice*, Mr. Claud Mullins, a practising barrister, reviews the whole problem and deals with it in a manner that is fully intelligible to the layman. He gives many examples of litigation, past and present, and brings out its human aspect. His book contains many comparisons between our legal methods

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BOOK NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

and those of other lands, and, since he believes that it is never convincing to criticise without being also constructive, Mr. Mullins has made many suggestions as to the general lines upon which reforms could possibly be introduced. Sir Leslie Scott, K.C., onetime Solicitor-General, contributes an encouraging letter of introduction.

'Conscience doth make cowards of us all'

MRS. ACEITUNA GRIFFIN has followed her Italian story *Genesta* with a powerful novel entitled *Conscience*, which tells how Michael Crane, in protecting the honour of the girl he loved, struck a fatal blow. It was not a foul blow, but it left moral effects in him, that proved a weakness when Lilla, for whom the blow was struck, proved unworthy. Thereafter, the conscience that makes cowards of us all taunted poor Michael's sensitive heart with results that Mrs. Griffin skilfully reveals.



ACEITUNA GRIFFIN.

Diamonds discovered!

SUDDEN wealth is one of the acid tests of character, and how a person reacts to the acquisition of riches or the hope of them is indicative of a very great deal. In his new novel, *Queer Partners*, Mr. Sinclair Murray deals with the different adventurers who were attracted by a new reservoir of diamonds discovered at the mouth of the Orange River, in territory once known as German South-West Africa, and in particular, a strangely assorted pair whose friendship was cemented by a mutual hunger for wealth. The story ranges the whole length of human emotions, although it is primarily a story of action.

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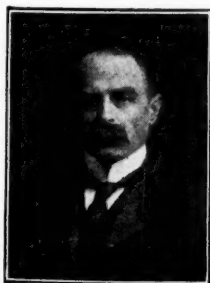
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BOOK NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

and died. But he left *Wanderer's End*, a most delightful novel, written to recall the life and people he had loved. It lacked two chapters and his distinguished wife, Sophia Cleugh, has written these, and Christopher Morley has contributed a Foreword. These vivid and altogether charming characters will remain in the memory long after the book is finished.

A rousing tale—a man's tale

IN *Trooper Fault*, Mr. John Lambourne has written a stirring tale of life in the South African Police as it was in what are euphemistically termed 'good old days,' a hard, vigorous, vivid life, calling for the exercise of all a man's qualities of courage and virility. The author contrives to invest his story with an astonishing atmosphere of fact. His characters, like their adventures, are real, and Mendar's tremendous fight with a bullying sergeant is not unworthy of P. C. Wren at his best.



JOHN LAMBOURNE.

Next Month

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for December will include among other contributions a further instalment of *Gauntlet*, by Lord Gorell; a third essay in Mr. Laurie Magnus' series *Hours in Undress*, under the title 'Wordsworth's Children'; a centenary study of the poetess *Christina Rossetti*, by Kathleen Conyngham Greene; the first of a new set of *Sparrowfield Stories*, by F. H. Dorset. Publication of the letters of Charles Dickens to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts has been unavoidably postponed until January.

x

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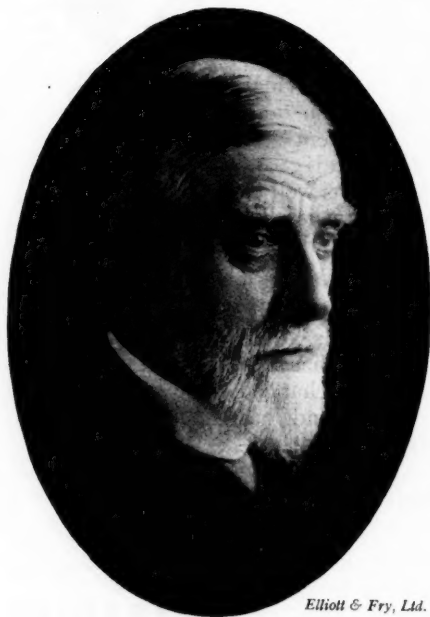
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THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY
LEONARD HUXLEY

NOVEMBER, 1930.

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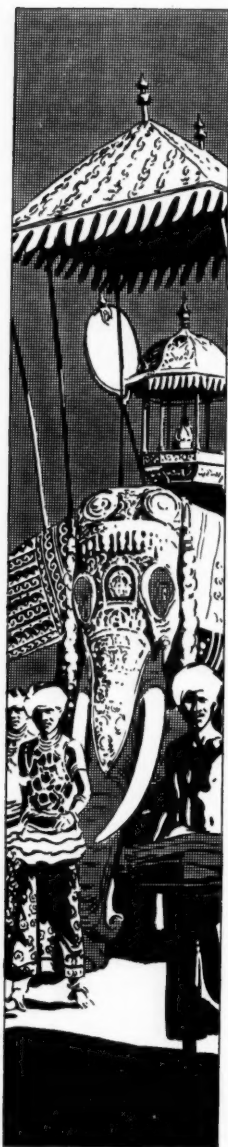
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Published Monthly, price 1s. 6d. net. Annual Subscription, 20s. post free.

Entered as Second Class Matter March 15, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., under the Act of March 3, 1879 (Sec. 397, P.L. and R.)

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GAUNTLET.¹

BY LORD GORELL.

CHAPTER X.

CECILIA had the curious feeling that her life was nothing but a set of unenviable circles when, all the simple purchases suitable to her lowly estate made, she set out to seek for work. She had left the hotel in the lounge of which she had been stabbed by three successive paragraphs: had met with moderate success in looking for lodgings that should be at once respectable and cheap, and was proportionately cheered. But, as she set out from them on her quest for work, she was irresistibly reminded of setting out on a similar errand three years before. Then, her father's funeral over, his possessions sold by auction, she had gone out of newly acquired lodgings, with a small stock of money in hand and a grief-laden heart, to find work: she was in the same state now.

Yet there were differences, too marked not to be instantly felt. Then she was just twenty, poor but used to being poor, neatly but cheaply dressed, grieving for the loss of a loved father through the natural cause of death: now she was twenty-three and far more than three years older in experience, suddenly poor after being lifted momentarily to great wealth, dressed simply but very well, with a husband to whom she had given all her heart lost to her for ever through the unnatural cause of the most bitter disillusion. The cheerfulness with which she had tried to face the street was terribly assailed even as she descended the steps of her lodgings.

She repelled the assault stoutly and declined to be in any way deterred from her immediate purpose; but she was speedily made aware that she had not taken account of all the differences between her two states. Three years before, she had had no particular qualifications for any post, but she was in a parish where she was known and where her father had been widely beloved: there were many to recommend her and more to advise; she had found congenial work in a well-established private school without pro-

¹ In order to avoid confusion with Miss Joan Sutherland's novel, *Challenge*, the author has changed his title to the above.

longed difficulty. Now she was unknown and could hardly procure evidence even of her limited experience without revealing to her former headmistress the miserable cause for the surprisingly renewed necessity—and that she was determined, come what might, never to do.

She repaired therefore to the agency that her landlady had recommended rather in the position of one who would capture a strong position single-handed : it needed a devil-may-care, buccanering spirit to make the adventure probable, and this Cecilia no longer possessed. Once, in the times of long ago, she could have gone at it with a laugh ; now the most she could achieve was to approach it steadfastly in the feeling of self-immolation.

On her entrance into the agency she was greeted with a cordiality that touched her : she asked to see the principal, and the girl who took her name was most civil and even apologetic at the idea that she might have to wait a few minutes ; the principal rose to meet her with a welcoming smile. Cecilia's whole being expanded at the unexpected friendliness.

' Sit down, Miss Brooke, please,' said the principal, Miss Chivers, placing a chair for her. ' What can I have the pleasure of doing for you ? '

Miss Chivers, elderly, small, tight-lipped and close-cropped, bent towards her young visitor and smiled her deferentially into a seat by her desk : she then seated herself and, taking up a pen, poised it with a suggestion of dramatic efficiency over a blank half-sheet of note-paper. A sudden, fearful doubt swept over Cecilia : this was not friendliness, it was business—and based upon an error of eyesight. Her expanded being contracted sharply, she flushed slightly with embarrassment and found it difficult to answer steadily.

' I want work,' she said, considering frankness the only remedy. ' I'm sorry if——'

' Work ? ' If it were possible for vocal chords, using only one syllable, to run down a whole piano, beginning with the high note of disappointment and ending in the bass of contempt, Miss Chivers achieved that feat. She followed it up by another, almost equally remarkable, a single glance expressive at once of her chagrin that any one should have so deceived her, of her astonishment that a girl of Cecilia's appearance and attire should be seeking and not creating work, and finally of her belief that one with the attributes before her was incapable of doing any work worth mentioning.

Cecilia felt, like a right and left, the double pain of this syllable, this glance; but, contracted and dispirited as it made her, it did not deflect her from her purpose. Internally, she might nurse the wounds heaped upon her by the world: outwardly, she was hardened into a courageous dignity.

'Yes, work,' she repeated. 'I've been recommended to your agency as the best in the town, and I'm sorry if there's been a mistake.'

'A lady,' decided Miss Chivers, running her practised eye again over her visitor: 'expensively dressed, newly dressed too, a stranger obviously, wants work, h'mph.' Aloud she said with a slight relenting, 'It is the best in the town, in the county for that matter.'

'I've had teaching experience—in London,' Cecilia began.

'References, of course,' said Miss Chivers casually, as she reached for her card-index with a sigh.

'Er—yes, I could have, but I—I don't care to write for them—for purely personal reasons.'

Miss Chivers stopped her movement: her hand lay outstretched on the edge of the index-box, motionless. She lifted her eyes only and plunged them icily into Cecilia's confusion.

'Really?' she said at last, and once again she employed her remarkable powers of saying whole sentences in a single word. 'That's—er—rather—er—unsatisfactory—to all parties.' She dribbled out the syllables like so many drops of cold water.

'I know, I know,' answered Cecilia hastily: 'and of course it means I could only ask low wages, at first at any rate.'

'I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking of my reputation,' replied Miss Chivers chillily.

'That will be perfectly safe, Miss Chivers,' replied Cecilia, speaking with considerable animation: she had the vision to see the interview from the point of view of her interlocutrix and realized that she should be grateful not to have been immediately shown the door. 'I'm perfectly respectable, and perfectly competent. I've taught in a good school for three years—but I've—I've quarrelled with my—my people; and I'm not going to write home, even if I starve!'

'It's unusual,' murmured Miss Chivers, attracted in spite of her training.

'I know. And if you won't help, I must apply elsewhere, that's all.' Cecilia rose, unwilling to argue, unable to plead.

'I will take all particulars that you care to give me,' answered Miss Chivers with some hesitation, 'and enter you on my books. I can't promise you anything though, you understand.'

Cecilia thanked her impulsively and looked so young and so essentially well-bred that Miss Chivers asked her to sit down again with more sympathy than her business instincts approved. She entered the scanty particulars Cecilia gave, and then said, 'Well, I'll offer you to one or two clients I've in mind, but I don't hold out hopes of a school. Governessing—somewhere where they're not too particular—that's about all you can look for, you know. I'm sorry, but there it is. Look in, if you like, from time to time, if you don't hear from me.'

It was not said unkindly, but it was terribly depressing. Truth was, thought Cecilia, as she again thanked Miss Chivers and took her departure. She walked away, trying to tell herself that it was certainly no worse than she had anticipated, and even in some ways was better, whilst Miss Chivers rehabilitated her own professional self-esteem at the expense of her kindest feelings by rating her clerk soundly for having given her such an incorrect description of the 'young person' who had merely called to place herself on the books of the agency.

As a consequence when Cecilia came again on the following morning—not hopefully but because she had nothing else in the whole world to do—she was treated by the girl with a disdain that in other circumstances would have amused her, but in the actual fact seemed as unnecessary as unkind. She was told brusquely that it was no manner of use her calling again yet; she would receive a notification if anything suitable turned up, and, no, she could not see Miss Chivers: Miss Chivers was particularly engaged with an important client.

Cecilia had many such rebuffs and more days of weary, unprofitable waiting. Once her hopes were raised by a card asking her to call at a certain hour, but they were dashed almost before the interview had begun: a gray-haired, steely-eyed woman, unusually tall and straight, who was with Miss Chivers when she was shown in, whispered at once in an audible tone to the little principal, with a significant shake of the head, 'Too pretty: never do at all; sorry you troubled her.' After that the questions were perfunctory, and Cecilia knew well that the politely spoken dismissal, 'I'll let Miss Chivers know when I've thought it over,' was final. For an instant she meditated an impassioned appeal;

but solitude and unhappiness had slowed her impulses, whilst at the same time robbing her of self-confidence. She accepted her doom numbly and again found herself in the street, still unemployed.

During the succeeding week she tried everywhere, submitting herself for any employment that offered. Twice she was listened to, but curiously and without avail, more often she was laughed at, a stranger without references or special attainments, and once she was grossly insulted. In the end, face to face with the utter dreariness of idle, unwanted days and with the steady shrinkage of her little store of notes that alone stood between her and complete helplessness, she pocketed all pride and wrote a pitiful little prayer to Miss Chivers, imploring her to find her something, however humble. A whole twenty-four hours elapsed friendlessly, silently : at their close Cecilia resolved that, unless her fate changed by the end of the week, she must go back to London whilst she still had money for the fare, confess her love's degradation and her life's ruin to her old associates and with a persistence past shame beg for work from them. She was spared that last and greatest evil : in the morning she found by her plate a letter from Miss Chivers, asking her to call again, Miss Chivers hoped to be able to place her.

Compared with Miss Chivers's hope, Cecilia's was a radiancy. Miss Chivers was not anxious to send any girl to take up an unsatisfactory post—it reflected upon her agency to have one back again with a complaint in a few weeks—and she had been oddly touched by Cecilia : but she consoled herself by the reflection that after all she had done her best. No good client would take a girl with no references of any kind : it was this unusual Miss Brooke's own obstinate reticence that was to blame.

She did what she felt possible without direct disloyalty to her employer-client by explaining to Cecilia that the place which was once more vacant was considered difficult : she had recommended girls to it on several occasions, none had stayed long ; did Miss Brooke really wish for it ? It was quite respectable, but very poorly paid, a post of 'governess to a small boy,' a doctor's son, aged seven. Miss Brooke did wish for it, more deeply than she had in the past wished for far more desirable things. Miss Chivers accepted the assurance and mentally did her utmost to wash herself free of all further responsibility.

'But don't they want to see me ?' asked Cecilia, in doubt,

unable to believe that her time of most miserable waiting was ended. 'To ask questions and settle things, I mean?'

Miss Chivers intimated that 'they' were ready to rely upon her recommendation.

'So I—I'm engaged?' faltered Cecilia.

'It's a very small salary,' confessed Miss Chivers. 'It's against my principles to offer it, but they won't give more.'

'I don't care,' replied Cecilia valiantly. 'They'll house and feed me, I suppose?'

Yes, that was included of course. Cecilia with a grateful, excited heart took down all the necessary information. She was to present herself that evening at a quarter to seven precisely at the house of Dr. Humphrey Lasker, 42 Laburnum Villas: Miss Chivers would telephone her acceptance. Cecilia walked out of the staid little room, feeling as though at last her luck had turned: life could never again be rosy, but it need not continue always to be grim. She would make friends, she would win herself a position, she had work, she was wanted: her step was lighter than it had been at any moment since her flight.

Miss Chivers looked after her a moment with some commiseration, then with an impatient gesture sought to disperse what she felt to be a wave of unbusinesslike sentimentality and settled down to receive with patience a constant client and try to persuade her that paragons with the qualifications and of the cheapness desired simply did not any longer exist. But, even after a long day's work, she could not wholly dismiss Cecilia from her mind.

CHAPTER XI.

CECILIA had acquired an old trunk as well as the suit-case which had been one of her first fresh possessions: the trunk she had felt to be necessary to enable her to keep safely, and unostentatiously, the sable coat that she had as yet found no means of despatching back to the giver without at once revealing a direct clue to her whereabouts. She had bought herself in its place a warm, but quite simple and inexpensive, coat: the incongruity of this over her smart going-away dress had not bothered her; it was no use hoarding the latter or buying more than she was compelled. As a consequence of her possessions, scanty as these in reality were, she was obliged to drive to her new appointment: had she had a suit-case only, she would have saved her shillings.

In her aimless wanderings, whilst waiting and looking about for opportunities that never came, she had explored the town with some particularity; she remembered she had passed at least once down Laburnum Villas and thought that she could have found her way again there on foot. It was, however, of course impossible for her to carry trunk and suit-case, and it seemed hardly worth investigating the possibilities of a carrier. She gave these a moment's consideration, so vivid had become to her the path of strictest economy, but dismissed them. She could not guess that by so doing she prejudiced her popularity at the outset—not that it could have been long maintained, whatever her mode of arrival.

It was not easy to get a cab at her humble lodgings: they were not on the telephone nor situated on a street or even in a quarter where cabs were in demand: she had to go out and search for one. When at length found it was ancient, and, when started, it proved to be incapable of hurry. It was not at 'a quarter to seven precisely' but fourteen minutes later that the vehicle drew up at the gate leading through a small, oblong, and extremely bare garden to the front door of No. 42 Laburnum Villas.

'I'm a bit late and I meant to be so punctual,' thought Cecilia, as she descended, 'but they can't be particular or they'd never have engaged me in so casual a way: anyhow, it can't be helped.'

She was not aware as she turned to assist the driver to get her trunk down that she was being subjected to the closest scrutiny possible from the crack of the just-opened surgery window. Dr. Humphrey Lasker was observing his son's new governess with a sensation as close to disinterested pain as his egotistical avarice made possible: it was nothing to him, of course, that this fool of a young girl should be flinging her money about, arriving in a loaded cab for all the world as if she were gentry, but it was a disheartening exhibition—and a very bad example. His wife would be asking for a cab next: that would be deplorable. It crossed his mind that no real harm was to be apprehended: his wife might ask, if she were still so lacking in experience of him as to have the least ground for hope, but he would have the pleasure of refusing. It was not apprehension for the success of any inroad on his own purse that vexed him: it was the principle of the wanton extravagance. And the governess was late, fourteen minutes and ten seconds late by his watch—a pretty display of independence to begin with. Dr. Lasker shut down his surgery-window with the noiselessness of long practice and, going quickly round to his front-

door, threw it open with dramatic suddenness and confronted the new addition to his household as she came springily up the few yards of garden path.

Humphrey Lasker had at no time in his life been good-looking: even in youth he had been of a disconcerting angularity; but in his twenties the brilliance of his eyes had suggested intellect and his long, thin face asceticism. There had been about him something interesting, something at any rate unusual in the way in which, despite many disadvantages both of birth and fortune, he had fought his way to his doctor's degree: at one time a future of distinction had been prophesied for him, but the very qualities that had given him a good start proved in their growth fatal to his advancement. He had never sown in order to reap: such a policy was altogether alien to his nature. He had taken a small practice because it had come his way as a bargain just when a little legacy from an uncle made its acquisition possible, and he had slaved to extend it, willing to spend his own nerves and muscles but nothing material that could by any means be avoided. In the next twenty years he had committed one extravagance: he had married certainly, an act which provided him with a house-keeper at the cheapest possible rate—he had no cause for remorse in that respect—but he had not stopped there, he had begotten a son—and that, in its financial aspect, was a perpetual torment to him. A son was an asset, at least might be so regarded, an insurance against old age perhaps; but, whatever the merits, a son was undeniably and unavoidably an expense. Dr. Lasker had, however, one real ground for solid satisfaction; he could contemplate in his son, Mostyn Theodosius Emmanuel Lasker—names cost nothing, even in a baptismal service—a precise and painstaking replica of himself.

Now at the matured age of forty-seven, his hair carefully streaked across the bald dome of his head, his thin nostrils distended and his bright little eyes, flashing behind glasses, searching out all the details of Cecilia's attire, he faced his new employee with a fine bluster of authority.

Mentally he commented, 'Pretty, very pretty, Miss Chivers should have told me that; extravagant, that hat cost a pretty penny and those shoes; silk stockings, h'm; cheap coat, bought recently at Dafferton's, I should think: and, dear me, what a smarty underneath! Got into trouble obviously or she wouldn't be here without references, wish I'd cut the salary still more; not

too late perhaps. Wants watching and firm handling, but on the face of it a real bargain. Can't help herself—bound to stop.'

Aloud he said sharply, 'Are you from Miss Chivers?'

Cecilia, still unprepared for hostility, in spite of the continually downward trend of the wheel of her fate, checked instantly at his tone: she looked up at him with her clear, hazel eyes, and it seemed to her that never had she seen anyone so utterly devoid of all amiability. Her heart sank and she made admission of her origin tremblingly.

'I said "a quarter to seven,"' went on Dr. Lasker, disliking her gaze but pleased with the effect that his tone had produced: 'didn't she tell you?'

Cecilia apologized and explained. He heard her in a silence he sought to make dignified, and then said coldly, 'The engagement was for a quarter to seven: if you'd wished to make a good impression you wouldn't have been late. In new work the start is everything. I don't know that in the circumstances I care to——'

He paused dramatically and before Cecilia the abyss of unemployment once more yawned: he noted with keen internal satisfaction the sudden flicker of her anxiety and continued with unction, 'Miss Chivers seems to have failed to impress upon you the importance of punctuality: I hope you understand the terms on which you are engaged?'

Cecilia murmured that she thought so, but Dr. Lasker continued hastily to forestall inconvenient interruption. 'Your duties here will be light and very pleasant: we treat our staff as one of ourselves, quite as one of ourselves. You appreciate that attendance on my little son will hardly take up all your time: I shall expect you to help me generally and give my wife a hand in the house, of course?'

Miss Chivers had made no mention of any such expectation, but Cecilia was eager to be agreeable and to be treated as a friend, whatever her new employer's understanding of friendship was.

'Very good.' Dr. Lasker was delighted with himself: he had not only practised a delicate piece of cruelty on the girl, but had established a claim on her as a general drudge. Excellent, so excellent that, coupled with his shrewd summary of her circumstances, it encouraged him to further ingenuity. Casually he mentioned as her wages a sum only two-thirds even of the pittance named by Miss Chivers. It was so bare-faced a piece of double-dealing that Cecilia's quick spirit rose in revolt: without calculating the consequences, she corrected him abruptly.

For a full moment they faced one another, both desperately afraid that they had allowed themselves to be carried away beyond redemption, Dr. Lasker by his love of cheeseparing, Cecilia by her abhorrence of trickery. It was a terrible moment: Dr. Lasker tortured himself with the thought that he had lost a wonderful bargain, Cecilia was aghast with fear that she had lost that which, however poor, was yet very precious to her. She could not yield, nevertheless: to do would be, she realized, to place herself bound hand and foot in the power of a vampire. A memory of the extortioners of Lotton Farm flashed across her mind: she had yielded to them when to have fought would have been far easier: now, when she had so much to lose, she could not bring herself to pretend. She had at least regained something that in the first shock of her disillusionment had gone from her. An attempt was being made to rob her just because her need was so great: it could not be allowed to succeed. She had time to wonder at herself whilst Dr. Lasker wrestled with his conflicting passions; but, in spite of her wonder, she held on and threw her whole fortune into the scale by saying with all the firmness she could,

‘In that case, Dr. Lasker, you must find some one else.’

It was the bitterness of defeat to him, but to her the bitterness of death. She was turning away blindly to the gate when he spoke and gave her back existence. ‘Well, well, we won’t quarrel over a few pounds. I’m sure you’ll suit very well. Come in, Miss Brooke, and I’ll tell my wife you’re here.’

Dr. Lasker was a man who had made a fine art of enmity. With intellectual gifts above the average, far-flung ambitions, and a bitter consciousness of the humble sphere of his life’s activities, he had come to attribute his limited opportunities to every cause but his own character. Inherently tortuous, he was unable to be honest even with himself. He was easily offended and, when offended, implacable. Cecilia had humiliated him in his own eyes: she had caused him to overstep prudence and forced him to recede: that no one could ever hope to do to Dr. Lasker with impunity. But as he was practised at self-deception, so he was adept at concealing, when he wished, his line of thought.

He flashed at Cecilia’s unseeing form a glance of acidulated malice even as he put a jocular lightness into his voice. He was worsted, but only in the first round: there would be many others, in these he would be both referee and stake-holder. Only one comment he permitted himself by way of immediate retaliation. Glancing

at her trunk and suit-case he said with a joviality in which there was no warmth ; ' Quite a lot of luggage ; I hope that means that you won't be in a hurry to leave us.'

CHAPTER XII.

CECILIA had been unprepared for Dr. Lasker, but he had done much in a few minutes to prepare her for his family. She found, as she had swiftly anticipated, that Mrs. Lasker was a pallid and futile woman who had long ago given up the pain of producing her wishes uselessly against the authoritative egoism of her husband, and that the son of this one-stringed marriage was without any of the attractions of youth.

So much was forced upon her knowledge immediately. She did her utmost to repel the new impressions that came crowding in upon her so unpleasantly ; she told herself that she was naturally seeing everything with a prejudiced eye, that settling in among strangers in such a humble capacity could in no event be an agreeable process, and that, now that she had demonstrated from the start that there was a limit to her endurance of unfairness, she would be able reasonably to hold her own. But no amount of self-encouragement did more than enable her to bear her state with resolution : she was grateful to the Fates that she had at last found a job, but beyond this no philosophy could impel her. It was a wretched job among thoroughly mean and unamiable people in a cheerless, ugly, little house—to be endured but by no possibility enjoyed. Long before she was able to go to bed she had decided to keep it for awhile, gain experience and acquaintance in the locality, and then exchange it for a better post at the earliest opportunity.

During her first evening, for the only time, as it turned out, of all the evenings she spent at 42 Laburnum Villas, all four inmates were in agreement concerning her. She wished to be left alone, to readjust herself and to engage yet again in that most useless of all occupations, retrospect. Dr. Lasker wished her to get her things unpacked and herself established so that removal should be the more difficult ; Mrs. Lasker, with the feeble, jealous spite of the anæmic, resented her dress, her looks, and her speech—in that order—and was eager to banish her from the general gaze ; Mostyn with precocious cold-heartedness was most anxious not to commit himself until he had studied all the weaknesses of his new

satellite. It did not occur to him that a governess could be anything but a servant to his whims. An unhealthy, pimply boy of seven, Mostyn alternately rejoiced and exasperated his father by the exhibition of traits of astute calculation, selfishness, and cruelty more pronounced even than his own. Mostyn's mother spoilt and dreaded him, and no governess yet had discovered how, in the absence of parental backing, it was possible to deal with him at all.

Mostyn confided to his mother, upon whose attendance this first evening he insisted, that he was sure he was not going to like his new governess: before Cecilia's authority had even been exercised, it had been undermined by Mrs. Lasker's endeavour to curry favour with her son by little surmises of agreement.

'You will find Mostyn very intelligent,' said Dr. Lasker to Cecilia whilst mother and son were upstairs. 'I expect him to get a scholarship: I look to you to make sure of that.'

Cecilia put a few questions to ascertain the extent of Mostyn's attainments, but Dr. Lasker disliked being questioned, especially on a subject about which he knew little, and cut her short with, 'You will of course make it your business to find that out for yourself to-morrow.'

A little later, Mrs. Lasker on her return began, 'Mostyn is a delicate and sensitive child, Miss Brooke, and takes dislikes to people very quickly. He can be led, but not forced, you understand.'

She said much more in the same strain until abruptly silenced by Dr. Lasker's reiteration of his insistence upon a scholarship. 'High time he was made to work, eating his head off here.'

That last achievement was, Cecilia decided even before her first meal was cleared away, an utter impossibility in that house. She had never been a great eater, and of late had lost most of what little appetite was normally hers, but even so she found her supper inadequate. A cold joint was on the table and Dr. Lasker carved it with the delicate touch of a painter on ivory: when his own turn came, he had to endure a struggle between miserliness and greed, and for every advantage that the latter gained, the former recovered ground later at Mrs. Lasker's or Cecilia's expense. The whole meal was a battle of desperate weighings and calculations and every article of food was personally dribbled out by Dr. Lasker. Cecilia received one sharp reminder both of her subordination and of the ways of the house. Dr. Lasker had earlier given her a fraction of

a spoonful of marmalade and in due course, and without its entering her head that her act would be questioned or remarked, she put forth her hand to help herself to some more. Before her fingers reached the pot, Dr. Lasker with a look as incensed as his action was agile had snatched it up and, rising, had thrust it into the cupboard behind him which he promptly locked. Then he reseated himself, saying tensely to the astounded Cecilia, 'I thought as much. You have been very extravagantly brought up. You will learn economy here or go.'

It was obvious that he was so outraged in his most cherished feelings that he was willing to dismiss her, bargain as she was, on the spot, rather than capitulate. In fact, his degree of niggardliness attained to such a dignity and he acted and spoke with such decision that Cecilia was too entirely taken aback to protest and found herself forced almost into apology. In bed, later, the memory of his fiery defiance recurred to her, as she lay nibbling a piece of chocolate that she had bought to celebrate her engagement, and it seemed so absurdly trivial that she laughed a little into the darkness. It had been her presumption as much as her 'extravagance' no doubt that had so moved him: she must remember that she was a dependant and really she ought to be flattered that in the simplicity of the bare, little, servantless house she was allowed to have meals with her employers. People who behaved so must be very easy to manage; they must have so many foibles. She would get round them soon enough. With something of the same kind of thought as had visited Mostyn about herself, she presently fell asleep.

Mostyn gave no trouble for the first hour of the succeeding day: superciliously as to an inferior but without intractability, he showed Cecilia where his belongings were, allowed her to finish his dressing, and preceded her docilely down to breakfast. His behaviour was a pleasant surprise and, coupled with a sunny morning following on a night's rest, caused Cecilia to think that perhaps she had been wrong in drawing hastily such bleak conclusions overnight as to the entire household. Moreover, she continued upon this auspicious beginning by a good start at breakfast: she rose a whole point in Dr. Lasker's estimation, an achievement which would not have been to her advantage had she retained the elevation, since the greater her value in Dr. Lasker's eyes the more she would be exploited—but she did not retain it. She began by politely declining the minute fragment of fish he reluctantly pushed across at her: she hardly ever ate any breakfast, she explained.

Dr. Lasker's bright little eyes beamed as with swift dexterity he removed the fragment from the plate and conveyed it lovingly back to the covered dish: this effected safely, he looked at her almost with amiability and said, 'You're very wise; most people spoil their figures by over-indulgence. It is a habit that cannot be sufficiently reprobated.'

'It's a long time to lunch,' muttered Mostyn sulkily, his brief hope of profiting by Cecilia's abstention dissipated.

'I used to take a glass of milk and a biscuit about eleven if I got hungry,' explained Cecilia, not sufficiently interested in the theme to pause to consider the effect of such a confession.

For a moment Dr. Lasker sat rigid, genuinely aghast at an attitude so inimical to all his most cherished predilections, glaring at her as though she were a wolf in sheep's clothing, a most dangerous inmate for any respectable establishment: then he said icily, 'I am glad that at least you made use of the past tense. There will be no over-eating between meals in my house—at any rate not at my expense. I hope I make myself clear.'

'Perfectly,' retorted Cecilia, irritated with herself for precipitating his rebuke. She had fallen from grace very early in the day.

As inadvertently as she had fallen she rose again slightly soon afterwards. An uncomfortable silence had succeeded, Mostyn's heavy munching of toast resounding through the room. Mrs. Lasker sipped her tea in apparent vacuity; it did not at any rate seem to occur to her that conversation was a normal accompaniment of a meal. And Dr. Lasker's attention, though divided, was wholly taken up: he had his letters to read, his own food to masticate, the rest of the food to protect—he was not at ease, since at any moment this improvident stranger might attempt to lay a marauding hand on something that could not conveniently be removed—the toast-rack, for instance, the contents of which were reserved by long usage for Mostyn and himself—but he was certainly occupied. No remarks were to be expected from him.

Cecilia drank her tea and nibbled her piece of bread and butter—the butter so thinly spread that it could scarcely be tasted—and in her wish not to appear irritated, whatever she might feel, forgot that perhaps as a humble employee it was not for her to intrude her observations.

Trying to speak cheerily, she said at length, 'I wonder if there's any news in the paper this morning.' It had seemed, when the thought first occurred to her, a fairly safe conversational gambit,

and during her weary, lonely days she had found the unperturbed happenings of the world a refuge and relief: she had read the paper with diligence, though she had lighted on no further mention of the movements either of Sir John Harland or of her supposed self.

The effect of her simple sentence was disconcerting. Mostyn stared at her as though she were some breed of curiosity, probably not human; Dr. Lasker raised his eyes and eyebrows, gave her one contemptuous look and sunk both again; Mrs. Lasker remarked flaccidly, 'We don't take in a paper.'

Cecilia said 'Oh!' flatly, and then, remembering that she had seen one on the previous evening being perused with scrupulous care by Dr. Lasker, glanced at him curiously. On one of his rapid reconnaissances of the table he encountered her look, and at once interpreted it correctly.

'You are saying to yourself you saw me reading one, I perceive,' he remarked pedantically, 'and are trying to reconcile Mrs. Lasker's statement and your eyesight, are you not?'

'Well, I was,' confessed Cecilia, feeling awkward: 'you're very clever to read my thoughts so accurately.'

'Humphrey is very clever,' interpolated Mrs. Lasker tonelessly.

'The reconciliation is easy,' remarked Dr. Lasker with complacency. 'We do not take in a paper—needless extravagance. But I often pick one up, in 'buses, you know, or on seats.'

Cecilia gazed at him without reply in astonishment that was akin to admiration: she could just understand the action, but not the complacency with which it was narrated. Her gaze was for the first time pleasant to Dr. Lasker: he expanded a very little, slowly and without grace, and went on to explain, 'Yes, amazing how careless people are! All the better for the careful ones.'

'But on days when you don't ride in 'buses, or——'

He did not allow her to finish in his desire to claim all legitimate credit. 'Oh, I don't depend on chance, Miss Brooke. I only avail myself of it when it favours me. Normally I gather the news by pausing a moment outside W. H. Smith's. Skimming the cream, I call it. It gives me all the headlines, you see, and a bit more. That's the beauty of it. No subscriptions from me, and with practice it's wonderful how much one can pick up. All practice and free; then on days when I find a paper lying about I verify my information carefully, and I seldom find I've missed anything of importance. Pretty clever, eh? Why the bookstalls expose

their wares puzzles me, and as for the idiots who buy their papers for my benefit—well, it takes all sorts to make a world, I say.'

'It certainly does,' answered Cecilia, struggling desperately to control the derision trembling in her voice: the little toad was actually proud of a stinginess that beggared belief!

'It's just these little things,' he went on, 'that make a man. So many won't take the trouble: they'll save on the big items and let themselves be drowned by the small. There's a way round almost everything if you'll only take the trouble, and there's a use for everything.'

'I hadn't looked at it quite like that,' murmured Cecilia, feeling in an odd way ashamed for him, that he could congratulate himself openly upon a contrivance that most, if they had stooped to it at all, would have died rather than confess.

'People don't: they're so thoughtless. But you're young enough to learn.' He came near to smiling upon her as an admiring pupil. 'How old are you, by the way?' he shot out as an addendum.

Cecilia told him and he tucked the information away in a mind that hoarded facts as relentlessly as he guarded pennies. His brief animation ebbed, and the meal came to a cold conclusion. As soon as possible after he had himself finished eating, he rose, pounced upon everything on the table that it was possible immediately to put away, and secured it all under lock and key: he then, after a searching glance to make sure that he had omitted nothing, stepped over to his wife and whispered an intense sentence in her ear: from the look that as a consequence she turned first on Cecilia and then on the table, it was apparent that the subject was the need for being on guard against the new governess's voracity. Dr. Lasker then left the room with a briskness that indicated that he regarded Time as a commodity as little to be wasted as any other.

Cecilia caught herself wondering whether he kept count of his breathings and steps and tried to reduce their number: did he, for instance, avoid hills on principle? And was it grief to him to use up the soles of his shoes by walking? In spite of the gratuitous piece of rudeness shown in the whisper, she refused to feel low-spirited: her employer's parsimony was so extreme that it was amusing; he was a character, and she must be lacking in humour if she failed to find him a source of enjoyment. She would encourage him to repeat the exhibition of himself on a pedestal of cleverness: it would amuse her and gratify him. Her generous youth was unable—as yet—to consider him as seriously malignant.

Her musing was broken into by the lethargic voice of Mrs. Lasker, 'If you've quite finished, we'll get the house straight and then you can begin with Mostyn.'

A little surprised, Cecilia assented: she bade Mostyn collect his books and previous work for her inspection, told him cheerfully she would be back almost directly and followed Mrs. Lasker upstairs. There, almost without her realizing it, under the specious guise of being asked to 'lend a hand,' she was converted into a general servant. Mrs. Lasker was so lacking in vivacity that it was dreary, unconvivial work, but it seemed to be a kindness, and must not, Cecilia resolved, degenerate into a habit. The morning was half over before she could shake herself free for the duties for which she had understood herself to be engaged, and by then Mostyn had disappeared.

It was not, however, Mostyn's plan of campaign to defy her too acutely in these initial stages: he was merely, like a careful strategist, taking the measure of his new opponent. Accordingly he had not played truant altogether, but had only absented himself from her immediate neighbourhood to see if she would have either the determination to search for him or the intelligence to find him. Cecilia discovered him in about ten minutes: she first drew the house without result, then the desiccated patch of garden, and then, with rising temper, walked, hatless and impetuous, out into the road and glanced along it, first one way and then the other. Her quest was successful: Mostyn, one cheek bulging with a bull's-eye, was discovered a dozen houses down, most agreeably engaged in throwing stones at a cat. He was a poor shot and was not, greatly to his disgust, able to shift his target from its perch: with lazily scornful eyes it lay and watched his efforts—which made him so intent on its discomfiture that he was captured before he had become aware of Cecilia's swift descent.

Small boys are normally imps of mischief and gain thereby in attraction: many a one, with bulging cheek and sportive stone, can be almost irresistible, especially to a young girl who only wanted the opportunity to force a zest from life—but Mostyn was not one of these. Cecilia was vexed with herself for her instinctive repugnance to him: she clutched him more tightly than was strictly necessary and hauled him back with her to the house. He did not, according to the custom of small boys caught in a delinquency, wriggle like an embarrassed eel or get off a long string of excuses, each thinner than the last, nor did he sulk: the abilities of a seven-

year-old are limited, but to an unusually full extent Mostyn looked venomous.

Glancing down at his expression Cecilia, who had fallen upon him with laughter, grew thoughtful and vexed with her own precipitancy: perhaps she had unnecessarily wounded his dignity, even though the road was empty of eye-witnesses.

'Sorry, old boy,' she said in as light a tone as possible, 'for descending on you so abruptly, but you mustn't throw stones at cats and you mustn't clear out when it's lesson-time.'

Mostyn remained unmollified: it was clear not only that he did not accept either inhibition, but that he had no intention whatever of responding to any friendly overtures.

'I shall tell my father you pulled my coat,' he muttered glumly.

It was not an encouraging start, but Cecilia declined to allow herself to become easily discouraged. She tried another tack. 'Don't be so silly!' she said simply and with sufficient asperity to make Mostyn sit up sharply. It was a very long time since anybody but his father had spoken to him like that: he had brought it on himself, he reflected, by departing from his rule of exploratory silence. He glanced at Cecilia with an hostility into which had crept a hint of very reluctant respect and obeyed her without protest when she directed him to get his lesson-books.

It did not take her long, despite this spasm of victory, to discover that she had in her pupil an interestingly exact blend of his father's meanness and his mother's lethargy: he gave away nothing, he had a memory of the true hoarder, and he was determined to take no trouble. Cecilia came speedily to the conclusion that, contrary to the opinions severally given her by Dr. and Mrs. Lasker, Mostyn was neither intelligent nor delicate nor sensitive, but rather was a cunning, coarse-grained, impervious little lout, association with whom could bring no pleasure and was practically assured of pain.

CHAPTER XIII.

CECILIA had passed an unhappy Christmas three years before when she had been forced by that season of memories and associations to contrast her fatherless state with times gone by: but it was an unhappiness far healthier and less unnatural than the invading miasma of 42 Laburnum Villas. It was, she supposed, better to be there than still in the loneliness of lodgings, vainly seeking for work: she was self-supporting as long as she made no demands

upon life of any kind—she received, that was to say, a little food, shelter, and a minute salary on which to dress and amuse herself and out of which all but the absolute essentials of living must come. Also she was not wholly without use in the world: she flattered herself that by dint of firmness and patience and a steady repression of her quick feeling of repugnance she was winning her pupil's regard and in so doing elevating him from the moral slough of self in which she had found him wallowing. She had done Mrs. Lasker good too, she reflected: Mrs. Lasker was neither quite so lethargic nor quite so futile as she had originally appeared; she was waking up and would become almost human in time. Even Dr. Lasker was not so utterly intolerable as he had seemed at first to be: the human mind had the fortunate faculty of becoming used to anything, and, though his extreme miserliness failed to develop, as it had first promised, into a source of enjoyment, still it remained an interesting study, and the little man had intelligence. But when every helpful factor had been put into the scale—and Cecilia tried so very hard to keep a smiling heart and to give full value to anything that had any value at all—the truth emerged, like a rib of rock in a murky sea, that it was hardly possible to imagine any home that had less of the spirit of Christmas in it than 42 Laburnum Villas.

To Dr. Lasker the whole season was a torment: the shop windows, with all their incitements to extravagance of every kind, genuinely pained him; he would go out of his way to avoid them. And, as Christmas Day came very near, he took refuge in an armour of moroseness and once was even guilty of tearing up angrily a sheet of newspaper he had found because it was covered with alluring advertisements. Except in the necessary course of his profession he seldom spoke during these days for fear that he should give an opportunity for a reminder, or—more exasperating still—a direct request, and he turned on Cecilia savagely when he chanced to overhear her saying to Mostyn, 'Haven't you yet thought what you're going to give your mother for Christmas?'

'Give, give!' he interjected. 'That's all this younger generation thinks about! Don't put such insane ideas into his head: that's not what you're paid for. Next thing'll be, he'll be asking me for money.'

'Yet you say that Mostyn's intelligent,' she answered swiftly, too offended at the rudeness of his tone to mince her words. 'Mostyn knows that'd be useless, but he might make something. After all, a mother's a mother, and Christmas—'

'—is a season for fools,' he snapped, 'glad of any excuse for their folly.'

'Mostyn might even give you something,' she persisted.

'He'll not get anything back—no tricks of that kind!'

'Dr. Lasker,' then said Cecilia, quite sincerely curious, 'd'you always think along those lines?'

For answer he gave her a balefully intent look which carried with it an atmosphere so coldly malicious that she felt momentarily afraid: without a word he turned on his heel and left her. She tried to be sorry that she had descended to exchange retorts with her employer, but only succeeded in being sore as well as annoyingly uneasy: she did not like that silent departure; she would much have preferred an indignant reproof. Then she remembered Mostyn: a small boy, told abruptly that he was certainly not going to receive any Christmas presents, whatever his previous lack of expectancy, might reasonably be presumed to be unhappy and even resentful. Cecilia turned to Mostyn with more of a fellow-feeling than she had yet experienced, meaning to comfort him as far as she could without showing a father up in too unfavourable a light to his son. Instead of a wounded affection or a rebuffed acquisitiveness she saw, to her vast vexation, that Mostyn's whole attention was directed in cynical amusement to her discomfiture. Mostyn was not given to laughter, but his eyes were alight with enjoyment.

'You little beast!' came out irrepressibly from Cecilia's lips: to be gloated over as a victim by Mostyn was the last straw. She regretted her little ebullition the moment the syllables had left her lips: it was undignified and useless. But it made, as she was already aware, no real difference. If Mostyn could at once side with his father's views, even in his own despite on such an issue, her idea that her influence was elevating him in any way was pure vanity. She saw in that second exactly what Mostyn thought of her: she knew that between her outlook and his was a great gulf fixed, not to be crossed by him whatever ropes of rescue she threw over, and she found herself energetically thanking Heaven that she was not as this small child.

She knew also from that single balefully intent look fixed upon her by Dr. Lasker that he was dangerous, that he would do her an evil turn if he could and that it behoved her to beware that she gave him no opportunity. Of the inmates of the household Mrs. Lasker alone remained: of the three she seemed by far the least harmful, and yet it was from her that Cecilia's next most unpleasant

experience was derived. Resolve as she might that she would not allow herself to degenerate from a governess into a general drudge, Cecilia found it impossible to prevent the one from being forced continually into the other : the only remedy was resignation, and that she was in no way yet ready to contemplate. She had made no new acquaintances, she was given no time in which to make them ; she was compelled for the present to remain with the Laskers. And a great part of each day was unavoidably taken up by the need for doing those household duties that Mrs. Lasker's lethargy declined to undertake : Mrs. Lasker proved highly skilful in methods of helpless suggestion. If the household were to carry on at all without a descent into squalor some one had to work in it : Mrs. Lasker never openly repudiated her responsibility ; she merely removed herself gradually from beneath it, 'slithering like a slug from under a boot,' thought Cecilia indignantly. So it usually happened that, whilst Cecilia worked hard solely from motives of decency and self-respect, Mrs. Lasker hung about with an appearance of doing likewise which deceived no one, except herself. She was great, she said, on detail, which, being interpreted, meant that she had an insatiable curiosity about trifles, especially when they did not concern her in the least.

Cecilia's locked trunk was a source of infinite speculation to her : whenever she was near it, dusting or pretending to tidy up after Mostyn, she tried it ; but, as Cecilia had in it only the treasures she could not now wear and therefore had no real occasion to go to it, Mrs. Lasker's curiosity was baffled. She had, however, never for one moment forgotten, even as Cecilia grew shabby, the impression made upon her by the new governess on first arrival. She had resented her then ; she had known her as altogether superior to herself ; she resented her still, and was convinced in her slow jealous mind that the reasons that had driven Cecilia down to this unenviable employment were discreditable. She was convinced also that the evidence was hidden away in this never-opened trunk.

Thus it came about that, returning one afternoon from a walk with Mostyn unexpectedly owing to a sudden squall of rain, Cecilia flung open the door of her room to discover Mrs. Lasker on her knees beside the trunk. A bundle of keys swung successfully from the lock and the lid was up, exposing to view the glories of the folded sable coat. At Cecilia's sharp exclamation Mrs. Lasker turned clumsily but swiftly round and then Cecilia exclaimed again : she could hardly recognise her ordinarily pallid, lymphatic employer

in the woman, enflamed with covetousness and envy, who stared back at her, disconcerted at her entry but doggedly tenacious of her position beside the discovered treasure.

Cecilia found her voice first. 'May I ask what you're doing at my box?' she enquired, controlling her vast indignation as best she could: that her coat, John's present, should be spied upon by those greedy eyes seemed to her at that instant quite irrationally an outrage. She knew, directly she had spoken, that she had been foolish to ask such a question: it admitted of no answer and therefore received none.

'What have you got in here?' demanded Mrs. Lasker, so envious that her voice was a quavering spasm of desire.

The extent and character of her emotion were so obvious that Cecilia pulled herself sharply together. 'That?' she answered with a good simulation of contempt. 'My old coat? Is that what you're bothering about? Where else should I keep it? And why are you investigating my things, please?'

'I've—I've a right to,' responded Mrs. Lasker thickly. 'It's my house, isn't it?' She turned to the trunk again, doubt in her eyes: never in a million years would she possess a sable coat, she might be mistaken, but no, she was sure she was not. Perhaps it would be as well, though, to pretend to be.

'It's—it's a good coat,' she managed to ejaculate.

'Is it?' replied Cecilia with exaggerated carelessness.

'How did you get it?'

'It was given me.'

The two sentences, question and answer, were like a rapier thrust and parry. Cecilia was wondering whether she could endure it; it might almost be better to face once more the rigours of the cold world than to remain subject to such despicable espionage: Mrs. Lasker was wondering by what means she could possibly spirit away such a treasure—to gloat over in secret, hidden from her husband even as Cecilia was forced to hide it. Both had forgotten Mostyn who, standing silently behind Cecilia, had lost nothing of the episode.

Mrs. Lasker could not resist the degree of her temptation: she turned back to the trunk, drawn irresistibly and, putting down her hand trembling with desire, picked up the coat before Cecilia could intervene. From among its folds tumbled a small cardboard box. This fell open and out of it scattered an emerald pendant of great beauty hung on a slender gold chain and two rings, one of which rolled away under the bed.

With a furious exclamation Cecilia dived for the first ring, the simple circle of gold that stood for that strange ceremony in a crowded church, already in the dark, unhappy days of the present growing dream-like and fantastic in her memory. She snatched it up and sprang erect, with angry spots of colour on each cheek and the light of battle in her eyes. To her relief the simplicity of the wedding-ring appeared to have safeguarded her from the worst of prying curiosity: the whole of Mrs. Lasker's attention was concentrated now upon the great emerald. She had, however, her hands full of sable and, by the time she had remembered to drop that, Cecilia's hands had taken her pendant also into her own custody. The engagement ring that had rolled under the bed could be retrieved later: the first thing for Cecilia to do was to get that odious lump of greedy womanhood out of her room. She spoke with great decision and dignity.

'Unless I can have my room to myself, Mrs. Lasker, without this sort of thing, it will be impossible for me to remain another hour in this house.'

Over Mrs. Lasker's mind, temporarily obscured by the stifled concupiscence of great possessions, came the illuminating, if alarming, thought of her husband. This girl was by far the cheapest and the most generally useful of the many who had made their procession through that loveless, arid abode: and she meant what she said. Mrs. Lasker was no practised reader in psychology, but there could be no mistaking Cecilia's determination. Unless she were smoothed down, she would go, and go at once: Mrs. Lasker might even be faced with the terror of meeting her husband on his return from his round and endeavouring to explain to him not merely that she had cost him this admirable servant but also the reason. He would have it all out of her. Her knees turned to water at the bare idea of letting him know that she had allowed possessions of such value to be taken out of the house: Humphrey would torture her for much less. Something ameliorating must be said immediately: words cost nothing.

'I apologize, Miss Brooke,' she said as promptly as this panic of reasoning allowed. 'A mother's qualms, you know. Mostyn's all I have, and I felt it my duty——' She broke off, not knowing how best to put into speech the burden of her irresistible curiosity.

Cecilia had not the least wish to press matters to a conclusion. Her anger had outrun her judgment: she had seen mentally the dragging out before these detestable people of the whole miserable

business of her marriage and its disaster : rather than endure that she was prepared to leave at once, unpaid, and without hope. But that seemed to have escaped notice, and she was willing, indeed eager, to forget the rest.

'Quite,' she said abruptly. 'Well, I think we understand each other. These things, which were given me in other circumstances, are my own affair. They don't make for happiness, but in there they don't matter to anybody. Anyway, you've satisfied your qualms ; and that's all there is to it.'

'Exactly, and you're not offended, Miss Brooke ? You won't leave or say anything to my husband ? He might not understand. In fact, he'd be very angry.'

Cecilia, only too anxious to get the undignified episode over, reading aright the suppressed woman's panic and sharing it in some degree herself, took pity on her, assented cheerfully and, cutting short her further apologies, assisted her from the room. In that act she discovered Mostyn.

'Well,' she said as she closed the door on his mother, 'so you were there, were you ?'

She gave him a shrewd look and was pleased to note the apparent absence of all interest on his face. This was unusual : Mostyn might say little, but he had a kind of low cunning that was seldom without its evidence on his expression. It meant, she hoped, that the value of sables was as yet unknown to him and that she had happened to be between him and the emerald. She was relieved : his curiosity would be an even more unpleasant manifestation than his mother's. He did not reply and she let the matter drop.

Mostyn passed into his room and through the key-hole watched maliciously, first, the groping for and recovery of the ring that had rolled under the bed, secondly, the peculiarly pained look with which his governess gazed at it, and thirdly the curious gesture, half-fascinated, half-repelled, with which she lifted it nearly to her lips and then lowered it again with a spasmodic jerk. Such contortions, though pleasurable, were of slight interest to the deeper side of Mostyn's mind : they had no cash value and therefore no message to him. What seemed to him of real significance was the long look that she had bestowed on the big emerald and the care with which she replaced it in her trunk.

(To be continued.)

RACIAL CHESS.

I REMEMBER reading in one of the numerous books on Kenya and its problems that Sir Charles Eliot, High Commissioner for what was then a Protectorate, wrote in one of his despatches to the Secretary of State, that now the Protectorate was thrown open to European civilisation, we ought to face the eventual issue, which was that 'White mates Black in a very few moves.'

That was a quarter of a century ago. Sir Charles Eliot was responsible for initiating the process whose results he prophesied in these somewhat cynical words. But though he welcomed the white farmer on the spot, he could not stomach the idea (which would obviously tend to reduce the number of moves necessary in the checkmating process) of syndicates in London making money out of land speculation and absentee landlordism in Africa; and it was largely over this question that he was driven to resign.

But, one naturally enquires, is it really necessary to think in these terms? Are White's interests really inimical to Black's? Must the contact of two races result in the subjection of one?

That is the sort of question which one cannot help asking oneself as one travels through tropical Africa. Perhaps I should not be so sweeping. Judging by the books which they write when they get home, many of those who go to Africa (generally Kenya) for a more than usually exciting holiday, or for big-game shooting, never ask themselves such questions at all; or if they do, they fail to find them troublesome, since they seem incapable of thinking of any status for the native but the *status quo*. I should thus amend my sentence: I should have said that no one who uses his imagination, and reflects on what he sees, can fail to ask himself such questions, especially if he has any historical background to his thinking.

What are we really in Africa *for*? Have we any clear idea, as a nation, of what we think or hope the country will be like in fifty or a hundred years' time? I am not at all sure that we have. Some of us have not got any ideas at all on the matter; and the ideas of those who have them are so diverse that they cancel out.

There is one point which needs mention before getting to the

main issue. The usual view of most administrators and practically all settlers is that you should trust the man on the spot. He knows, by arduous experience, what's what; the stay-at-homes of Whitehall and elsewhere don't know, and even if they bestir themselves to come out and see for themselves, their visits are so short and superficial that they still don't know the real inwardness of anything. Unfortunately, however, when you try to erect the trusting of the man on the spot into a principle, you find that it won't work. It won't work simply because it isn't a principle at all. The men on the spot differ a great deal in their ideas according to individual temperament, and still more according to profession; administrators, settlers and missionaries, though all on the spot, tend each to have their own very distinct set of ideas. Even when there exists some quite general consensus of opinion, a very little perusal of history will show that this too may change, often with surprising rapidity.

The man on the spot has his unique fund of experience, which must, of course, be drawn upon and taken into account, together with the ideas which arise out of his experience, when policy has to be framed. But just for the very reason that he is on the spot, you must not expect principles of long-range policy from him. He is too much concerned with practical adjustments in a makeshift changing social order; he is immersed in the troubled waters of On the Spot, and inevitably finds it difficult to get his head out and take a general survey. If the greater world of home cannot have his advantage of detailed knowledge of local problems, neither can he, save in the rarest cases, have the balanced and general view of principles to which dispassionate observation from nearer the centre of things may help a man. When business on hand is so pressing he must in the nature of things always find it hard to think in long-range terms, and his great difficulty is not to take things for granted.

Even the casual visitor like myself finds it difficult to escape the *genius loci*; the intellectual climate enfolds him, and because almost everyone he meets tacitly makes the same general assumptions, he very often falls into the current way of thinking. It is only when he gets away again and finds that other people live in other intellectual climates and have quite other ideas on the subject, that many of the local assumptions are seen to be really assumptions, and that he begins to try and think in terms of fundamentals instead of principles of minor scope—or rather, that what he had

thought to be fundamentals now turn out to have other foundations below, which too need examining.

There are, of course, very different ideas at the back of policy in different parts of East Africa—in Kenya and in Tanganyika, for instance. In Kenya, policy is coloured by the presence of several thousand private white settlers, for whom the black man exists primarily as a source of labour-supply, a mere adjunct in the business of European profit-making. It is, I think, quite fair to say that well over nine-tenths of the non-official European population of Kenya think that as many as possible of its black population should be directly or indirectly compelled to work for the white, and that when not so engaged they should be encouraged to live their immemorial life in Reserves set apart for that purpose ; and that they should be discouraged from growing crops in competition with their white neighbours, from all political aspirations, and from all but utilitarian and technical education.

In Tanganyika, on the other hand (and the same with differences of detail applies to Uganda), there are no Native Reserves, since the whole territory is regarded as essentially a native country, with a few white settlers allowed in here and there. The natives are encouraged to produce all kinds of crops for export, but the authorities are not particularly worried if some of them prefer simply to support themselves, so long as they pay their tax. And they are encouraged to take over as much self-government of the local sort as they can manage. In the one territory the first place is occupied by the natives and their affairs, in the other (whatever may be the pronouncements of visiting Commissions as to ' native interests being paramount ') it is as a matter of hard fact occupied by the Europeans and their affairs, although there is only one non-official European to every 300 or so natives.

But even where, as in Tanganyika, the administration is taking most seriously the idea of white trusteeship for the native population, the full implications of the idea are veiled and obscured by various current assumptions which are felt rather than thought out, and felt as so self-evident that they are hardly ever questioned. The chief such assumption is that black men are in their nature different from white men and inferior to them. The second is that since white men know how to do a great many things of which black men are ignorant, they therefore know what is best for black men and are entitled to lay down what they ought to do and how they ought to live. The third, continuing the second, is that

natives should develop 'along their own lines'—their own lines being those on which there is the greatest possible taking on of European useful arts; the least possible taking on of European ways of dress or ways of general thought; the least danger of their claiming or obtaining political, social or intellectual equality with Europeans; the greatest chance of perpetuating the gulf between the races. The fourth is economic: it is that production for export is virtuous, while production merely for your own local consumption is not—and is, indeed, rather reprehensible.

It is, of course, the first of these assumptions which is the most fundamental. The second is really a *non sequitur*; the third, if partly inspired by a recognition that our own social order is not such an unqualified success that we wish to inflict it upon others, is for the most part a device, perhaps unconsciously adopted, to prevent our superiority from being mocked by imitation or even threatened by real attainment. And the fourth has behind it the idea that, Britons being Britons and natives being natives, it is better that natives should moil and toil if by so doing more Britons are kept busy making cotton print and bicycles to be exchanged against this native surplus of food, rather than that the natives should be self-sufficing and have more leisure; and of course it is also linked with the idea that a native should have as little leisure as possible.

But they are all really corollaries or consequences of the first and greatest assumption, of black's considerable and inherent inferiority to white. And this in its turn is based on something more fundamental still—race and class prejudice, and the all-but-universal human tendency either to exploit or to patronise those who have less power and less knowledge than ourselves.

It is, I repeat, exceedingly hard to resist making these and similar assumptions. But are they true?

It is very difficult to think dispassionately where one's feelings are aroused; and major racial differences certainly can arouse feeling. I remember once, in central Texas, arriving by car in a little town whose streets were crowded—it was market day—and crowded almost wholly by negroes; there were hundreds of black men to tens of white. I am bound to confess that this first experience of mine of being in a small minority among human beings of another colour and another physical type gave me an emotional jolt; and I began, without any process of ratiocination, to understand why white men living in such circumstances generally took

to carrying revolvers and developed a race-complex. One could doubtless get over such feelings; but the point is that they arose unbidden.

Again, the abolitionist North in America has always decried the South for its discrimination against the negro on colour grounds alone. But when, after the Great War, crowds of negroes poured into the northern states, racial feeling was at once aroused. To take but one example, coloured gentlemen who presumed to take houses in the respectable residential quarters of Chicago were reminded of their complexion, and their presumption, by the arrival of bombs through their drawing-room windows. Southern cynics could hardly be expected not to smile.

It is difficult to think dispassionately; but we ought to try. In the first place, let us sedulously remind ourselves that 'native' in Africa is an omnibus term, embracing the most diverse racial types. Leaving out of account the pigmies and the bushmen, there is at least as much difference between a typical Bantu and a typical West Coast negro as between a typical Scandinavian and a typical Sicilian; and between either and a typical Hamite such as a Masai, there is a much greater difference. It is a commonplace of anthropology that many single territories of tropical Africa, such as Nigeria or Kenya, contain a much greater diversity of racial type than all Europe.

Let us also remember that 'race' is in any case a term of mere convenience to help in pigeon-holing our knowledge of human diversity. The term is often used as if 'races' were definite biological entities, sharply marked off from each other. This is simply not true. In a community like that of the human species, in which interbreeding is possible between each and every variety, and migration has been the rule since the earliest times, long before the beginning of recorded history, such entities cannot exist. In their place, modern views of heredity set the idea of a collection of genes, as Mendelian inheritance-factors are now generally called, which changes as you pass over the world's surface. Any given 'race' is characterised by containing within its boundaries a certain assortment of genes. One racial assortment will differ from another in the nature and proportionate abundance of the different kinds of genes of which it is made up, and every race will share some genes with many other races, probably with all. Through Bantu, semi-Hamite, and Hamite there is every gradation between negro and full white. Through the importation of slaves to Greece

and Rome, the cosmopolitan nature of the late Roman Empire, and the Saracen invasions, the Mediterranean 'races' of Europe contain many genes imported from Africa during the historic period, just as many 'white' genes are drifting through the population of Africa as a result of the commercial and military penetration of North Africa by Europe at various stages of its history, and the unions of Arabs and Europeans with native women all over the continent.

However, the average differences which do exist between races are real enough, and have often a definite biological significance. Negroes are black or dark brown, have wider nostrils and more sweat glands than Europeans; and all these characters are adaptive in that they fit their possessors to a tropical climate.

But finally, there is no reason whatever for supposing any existing race to be the last word in adaptation or evolutionary progressiveness; and the science of heredity makes it clear that out of the crossing of two distinct types we shall obtain numerous new combinations, some doubtless poorer than what we had before, but others quite possibly more efficient either in local adaptations or in more general ways. If improved types come into being at all, selection can see to it that they will increase at the expense of others during the generations.

Race, in fact, is a complicated subject. To pretend that it is simple and clear-cut is self-delusion, and leads among other things to the unfortunate dissemination of much pseudo-science, of which the great Nordic myth, so sedulously propagated by Houston Stewart Chamberlain and various American authors, is the most obvious example.

Coming back to Africa after this digression, we find that, quite apart from any racial or inherited differences, there exists enormous diversity of social organisation. Side by side in one territory may be found three of the primary ways of human life—the hunter, the nomad herdsman, and the agriculturist; and among the agricultural tribes are to be found all varieties of social organisation from the most primitive up to strong monarchies like those of the Bahima in Uganda, the Watusi in Ruanda, or the Bushongo in South Congo, with graded hierarchy of rank, a copious and elaborate court ceremonial, and a strong flavour of feudalism. Here again the diversity is at least as great as in Europe, and in some ways greater.

Among this heterogeneous collection, some certainly look of

lower type than others. I have seen negroes with as low foreheads as Blake's 'Man who built the Pyramids,' and huge prognathous faces on which the squat nose projected scarcely more than an ape's; physically at least these were a good deal more primitive than anything to be seen in Europe, and the presumption is that they are primitive mentally too. Some tribes, both Bantu and true Negro, have a much higher proportion of men with primitive build of face and skull than do others; and then there are races like the pigmies and the bushmen, who are generally acknowledged to be descendants of earlier and more primitive buddings of the human stock. But all that concerns us in thinking broadly of Africa is the average, and the average among the more widespread and successful tribes.

In East Africa, for instance, it is the average Kikuyu, Masai or Akamba, Kavirondo, Baganda or Wanyamwezi, on whom we must concentrate our attention. Is he, or is he not, inferior in innate capacity to the average Italian or Scotchman, Serb or German, Greek or Russian? and if so, is the difference great enough to warrant his being treated permanently as a creature on a different level?

The answer is unfortunately that we do not know; and we shall not and cannot know until and unless we have observed and experimented for several generations. There are, however, a number of arguments on both sides; and if we spend a little time considering them, we may be able to reach some provisional conclusions, strong enough to support policy in the immediate future.

The most telling count against the African is perhaps that of history. It is a striking and really rather depressing fact that he has never discovered written language, the use of the plough, or the art of building in stone. To the latter statement Zimbabwe is the exception which proves the rule. It is true, as the latest investigations clearly show, that Zimbabwe and the other similar Rhodesian stone buildings are products of the native African, and only a few hundred years old; but it is probable that the stimulus to their erection came from Arab and other traders, and certain that the art died out without leaving any trace.

Against this it may be said that we do not expect so many inventions in a tropical country. When scratching the ground with a hoe gives quite good results, there is not the same urge towards the invention of ploughs; where the climate is always warm, there is not the same need for better methods of building.

Further, even if we do not agree with the extreme diffusionist school of anthropologists, it seems abundantly clear that major inventions are rare in early stages of human culture, and that there is no particular reason to suppose that even the most intelligent peoples would have made all the important inventions had they been kept isolated from the rest of mankind. Some might have failed to think of ploughs, others of an alphabet, others of wheels, and so on. And finally, even if negro inventors had arisen, or outside inventions had penetrated into Africa, the country itself is against progress. The excessive luxuriance of nature, the heat of the climate, the prevalence of insidious and chronic disease, combine with the ease of gaining some reasonable livelihood with very little effort, and the uniformity of the seasons, with no winter to force men's thoughts in upon themselves, to make it less likely for inventions, even were they made, to be seized upon and spread, than in more temperate regions.

Relevant here too is the statement, often made, that the negroes in the United States have not made contributions to the national life proportionate to their number, and that those American negroes who have attained distinction almost invariably possess an admixture of white blood, though ranking as 'negro' to the inflexible race prejudice of America. The first part of this criticism must largely be discounted owing to this very fact of colour prejudice, which makes it far harder for a negro than for a white man to rise to wealth or eminence. There would appear to be more truth in the second assertion, though here again it is hard to know how much to ascribe to the restlessness and 'divine discontent' generated by racial discrimination in the minds of those who are in a measure outcast from both parental stocks, without a racial spiritual home.¹

Then there is the general impression, reinforced by the positive testimony of men who have lived for decades in close contact with the native African, that he is on the whole irresponsible, improvident, and lacking in the higher ranges of intelligence. This is largely offset by the equally impressive testimony of the same men in favour of the negro's loyalty, his cheerfulness and gaiety even under trying conditions (General Smuts speaks of the negroes as the only happy race in the world), his fine physique and physical courage. But in so far as the accusation is true, it would obviously

¹ In any case, the Bantu and still more the Hamitic peoples of Africa themselves have a considerable proportion of more or less 'white' and quite definitely Caucasian blood in their make-up.

keep the negro back from the higher achievements of civilisation, to attain which a combination of foresight, intelligence and pertinacity are needed.

The evidence of intelligence tests has been adduced to support the assertion of negro inferiority in brains ; but no intelligence test has yet been devised which will discount really large differences of home environment and early training. The only such tests I know of which begin to be scientifically admissible are those of Davenport, who in the West Indies tested various poor whites, negroes and mulattoes all living under closely similar economic and social conditions. His findings were that the negro average of pure intelligence was definitely but slightly below the white, and that the negro was rather more emotional and excelled in certain tests indicative of artistic appreciation. In every test, however, both races showed a wide range of variation, and over most of the ranges the members of the two races overlapped.

On the other side may rightly be adduced the fact of the negro's extraordinary vitality in Africa, in spite of disease, in spite of enervating tropical climate, in spite of slave-raiding and alien domination. This inherent vigour, expressed visibly for all to see in the magnificent physique of so many tribes, is a first-rate asset of the race ; and it is not merely vigour in general, but vigour in the trying conditions of Africa. Besides this, there is the fact that in very various tribes there do arise men of high distinction and intelligence, whose foresight and will enables them to achieve remarkable results. In addition to the well-known examples from Zulu history, one may mention Lenana, the celebrated medicine-man of the Masai ; or Rindi, the prince who united the Chagga. And besides these outstanding personalities, there are plenty of others possessed of very real character or ability, above the average for any race whether white or black, to be found scattered among the tribes. Powys in his *Black Laughter* mentions a Kikuyu strongly endowed with artistic impulse and talent ; the present Sekibobo of Buganda is a distinguished orator with a fine and balanced character ; I have seen a native teacher with a passion and genius for teaching which would have satisfied the heart of Sanderson of Oundle ; I have spoken of the little Kavirondo hunchback with an innate gift for machinery ; the mere existence of the Colour Bar Bill in South Africa proves that the Bantu are sufficiently able to learn skilled occupations to compete on terms of reasonable equality with the skilled white artisan ;—and so one might go on.

Then it is very frequently stated that the African is incapable of profiting by education to the same extent as the white. He is said to acquire patchy and unrelated bits of knowledge, to lack determination and intellectual initiative, and in spite of marked intelligence in childhood to fall off gravely at puberty. On this last question I made a point of asking for information; and the general and indeed almost unanimous consensus of opinion among those who were concerned with teaching, was as follows. A falling-off of intelligence among native boys at puberty does exist, and is widespread. But it is not universal; and it is not inevitable. In the existing state of native culture, sex looms large, and at puberty comes to occupy the focus of life. If you can provide native boys with a different background of thought and practice, their intellectual development can continue through puberty with no more break and disturbance than overtakes the average white child, and can continue and mature as with us. Gandhi in his autobiography speaks of the obsession of sex which overtakes Indian boys as a result of marriage soon after puberty, and how it is only the practice of sending the girl-bride home for several months of the year which releases the young husband's thoughts and energies for work and thought; and the point is relevant to Africa. The evidence seems clear that in Africa the difficulty, though real, could be surmounted, wholly or in part, by a changed background of social life and education.

Similarly the criticism that the African acquires only a patchy knowledge and a patchy character as the result of European methods of education is very insecurely grounded. Such results are undoubtedly produced; but they are produced when the educational system is itself patchy. The two great difficulties of education in Africa at present are, first, the difficulty of getting children young enough and educating them continuously enough; and secondly, the extraordinary gulf between the mental outlook of the untouched tribal native and that which dawns upon him through education. At the risk of tediousness, it needs reiterating that we Europeans can hardly imagine the extent of this gulf. In Europe even the poorest slum-dweller or the inhabitant of the remotest country village is brought up in an atmosphere which simply assumes reading and writing, books and newspapers, cinemas and wireless, steam and petrol, centralised government, scientific enquiry, an organised tradition of development through the centuries. To the primitive African, this is all new, startlingly and often indeed almost

meaninglessly new. It is a violent invasion of his mental country. His atmosphere had been unreflective, unprogressive, local, both in time and space. The true idea of science, whether as spirit of free enquiry, or as controller of nature for man's use, is alien to his thought. He has no history; and his tradition, instead of being an organic body of thought, is crystallised into a body of rules and observances extraneous to his inner life. Reading and writing still can appear to him in full freshness as a magic key to new realms and powers.

The gulf is so great that it is extremely hard to bridge. To change the metaphor, the educated African is generally riding two horses at once; and we all know how hard that is. It is for this reason that in their education they should be caught young and kept long; for only so can we reasonably hope to build up a coherent inner life related to the new information, new ideas, and new power we so recklessly pour upon them. It is only when boys can be put to school as early as we put ours, and kept under some civilising influence till well after puberty, that we have the right to expect a unified product with no dislocation of the soul. And when that happens, we often do get the expected result. But before we can expect the result to be general, the cleavage between home background and school outlook must be diminished; and this can only happen when a couple of generations of education has provided a new background, in the shape of educated parents.

As we have passed from one argument to another, we have found pros and cons more or less balanced; and we are back at general principles and probabilities. The net result is that we cannot appraise the African's capabilities in any accurate or scientific way until he has had several generations in which to demonstrate what they are. Meanwhile we need some provisional view on which to take action. We shall at any rate not go wrong if our conclusions are along the following lines.

In the first place, we may grant to the believers in negro inferiority the possibility of being right. Human beings do differ very considerably in inherent mental capacities and potentialities, in spite of the sentiment of Rousseau and the Perfectibilists, the political prejudice of certain left-wing theorists, and the nonsense talked about heredity by some psycho-analysts and the whole Behaviourist school. And there is not the least reason why races should not differ in the average of their inborn mental capacities as they do in their physical traits. In fact, there is every reason

to suppose that such mental differences do exist. On biological grounds they *should* exist. As Huntington has lucidly pointed out in his book, *The Human Habitat*, every big change in way of life, every mass migration, every partial migration such as that from Southern Ireland to the United States, from the country to the towns, that of the Huguenots to England, or of the Pilgrim Fathers to America, is selective in its action, and will change the average composition of the populations concerned in regard to mental qualities such as temperament and initiative.

There is also a certain amount of evidence that the negro is an earlier product of human evolution than the Mongolian or the European, and as such might be expected to have advanced less, both in body and mind, than they. And in the tropical countries to which he has been restricted during thousands of years, there seems to be little driving force of selection to push the level of mental qualities upwards. Popular belief and the few properly conducted mental tests point in the same direction.

I am quite prepared to believe that if we ever do devise a really satisfactory method of measuring inborn mental attributes, we shall find the races of Africa slightly below the races of Europe in pure intelligence and probably certain other important qualities.

But—and the but is a big one—I am perfectly certain that if this prove to be so, the differences between the racial averages will be small; and that they will be *only* an affair of averages, and that the great majority of the two populations will overlap as regards their innate intellectual capacities.

How they will prove to overlap one cannot say. It might be that the overlap was symmetrical, so that five per cent. say, of Africans were below the European minimum, five per cent. of Europeans above the African maximum. Or both might start at the same minimum, but the European reach further upward. Or it might even be that the arithmetical average for the two was the same, and the Europeans extended both further downwards (through possessing a larger proportion of mental defectives), but also further upwards; even in such case, however, their possession of a small number of exceptionally gifted minds would more than compensate for the extra quantity of defect, and they would be inherently the better race.

But if there is this broad overlap and the bulk of African people are, as there is every reason to believe, just people, no better nor

worse than the bulk of white or yellow people, though perhaps by education, by social environment and tradition in ways so radical as to be beyond the imagination of their detractors, and perhaps beyond that of their well-wishers too. It is a hackneyed parallel, but none the less a salutary one, to remind ourselves of Julius Cæsar and the Britons and Teutons with whom he fought. Their organisation was not quite so primitive as that of the ordinary African tribe; none the less it is more than doubtful whether Cæsar, seeing their barbarian ways, ever dreamt of their rising to found great world-powers, pre-eminent in war, government and every attribute of civilisation.

There are people who will admit the aptness of the parallel, but insist that to effect a corresponding change with the Africans will take a corresponding number of millennia. This, however, is a fallacy. Man does not owe his culture to his physical heredity, nor does civilisation leak slowly into the hereditary constitution. He owes his culture primarily to his upbringing. True that he imbibes a great part of it unconsciously, but this soaks into his individual being from his social ambience. It does not take generations of culture to make a man capable of appreciating Shakespeare or Plato: how many evidences to the contrary have there not been among poor and uneducated workers in this country alone? And there have already been numerous examples in Africa of native chiefs possessed of unusual talents and foresight who have greedily sucked in Western ideas and imposed them, often very successfully, upon the people under their charge.

Rare Africans of exceptional ability may indeed profit so fully by the education they can now pick up, that they will step from barbarism to civilisation, both in thought and practice, during their own single lives; but most natives either do not start their education early enough or have not the requisite mental freshness (most white people in similar circumstances would find the same difficulty), and so only arrive at a halfway stage. This halfway stage is doubtless very unsatisfactory and trying in itself. But at least those who are in it have some background of Western ideas; and thus their children have their baby minds formed in relation to this and not to the background of untouched tribal life, wholly alien to what they will meet with in their education. Thus they grow up without that breach of continuity, that necessity to bridge an all-but unbridgeable gap, which is the lot of the first generation of natives exposed (I used the word advisedly) to education; and

it is only among *their* children, of the third generation, that you can expect a reasonable stability of mental life.

Those are considerations affecting the single family; when it comes to the population as a whole, quantity comes in too. If the present state of affairs continues, in which only about ten per cent. of native children get any education whatever (and perhaps two or three per cent. any education worthy of the name), we shall naturally not arrive at that general background of changed ideas from which alone a new social tradition can spring. Unless at least half the parents have been educated, you cannot expect the new generation to be able to profit fully by its education and to grow up in stable inheritance of the new traditions of thought and life. And when I say parents, I mean parents—of both sexes, mothers as well as fathers. The education of the native women of Africa is in many ways more important, as it is in many ways more difficult than the education of African men. And if boys' education, though well-started, has only touched a fraction of the future fathers of Africa, girls' education has scarcely been envisaged on a systematic scale.

Thus while three generations is the minimum time which must elapse before we have a right to expect an answer to our experiment of educating the African, in actual practice the expansion of the educational system to cover the majority of the population, female as well as male, will take so long that four or five generations will certainly be needed. It is thus that the transmission of human thought simulates the inheritance of acquired characters.

It may be that at the end of that time we shall find the experiment has not worked. There may be in the African races some little defect or kink of temperament which will prevent them utilising the new ideas as another race could have—some unadventurousness of spirit, some lack of continued purpose, some mental laziness, some failure to achieve the higher reaches of thought. If that should be so, the problem of their future relation with the rest of the world will be a difficult one and will need to be considered afresh. But we need not think of crossing bridges before we come to them—especially if we do not know whether they exist. And in any case, two things are certain. One is that, as we have embarked on the experiment of educating the native, it is our business to push on intensively and get an unequivocal answer from it. The other is, that if we do push on with it, and if we do not nullify our efforts at providing the natives with a stable back-

ground of thought and idea by political or economic policies leading to racial bitterness, the result, whether African civilisation and thought achieves the heights or remains mediocre, will be remarkable enough and will astonish all but the most visionary and sanguine of the present generation.

In passing, the proviso in my last sentence is important. You cannot expect a people to make a really good job of becoming civilised if while you proffer Western ideas with one hand you take away the fruits of them with the other. If Europe thrusts disabilities upon Africa, she cannot expect Africa to develop with that fullness or serenity which might be hers if there were no bitterness to rankle in her soul.

But there can be no point in prolonging such speculations about the future: sufficient unto the day . . . Looked at in a long perspective, our racial chess is seen to be very different from the simple game of white *versus* black which it appears to the eye of immediate exploitation. The question of the inferiority or equality of black to white sinks for the time into the background. Because what most believers in African inferiority mean is the inferiority of the untouched pagan or the present disoriented detribalised native to the civilised European; and what most believers in equality mean is something unreal, based on mystical ideas about the soul or the brotherhood of man. What concerns us at the moment is the improbability of the black; and this is an undoubted fact. When we have seen how far it can lead, it will be time to debate the older question afresh.

JULIAN S. HUXLEY.

THE RIVER.

BY GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON.

WHEN I am feeling morose or dispirited I betake me to the margin of a certain river. It is broad and swift-flowing and that part of the bank where I like to pace is steep and unfrequented. You look down upon the water which winds like a broad band of quicksilver to the right and left, and you gaze across it to the other side, where the busy life of a great city is in progress. It is ever-changing; never is it the same. It has its moods and vagaries like a human being. It can rage or be full of tears, can smile and laugh, be dignified and majestic, full of pomp and circumstance, or shrink almost to insignificance. I have seen it at flood, threatening, catastrophic, with its primitive instincts all unleashed, and men flying from it in terror. At other times you could almost wade across it, a narrow strip of water trickling through a vast expanse of mud, unpretentious, apologetic even, as though not willing to court observation for fear some sudden suction from above or below might dry it up altogether. To understand the river you must be often with it, in summer and winter, in fair and foul weather, at high and low tide, in boisterous wind and when there is not a breath of air; when it is bathed in sunlight and shrouded in mist; when it is riding to the sea with crested waves and swollen mass; when it is smooth as glass and almost still; when it is black as basalt and when heaven's blue is reflected in it. You must see it in the early morning and at sunset, at night under the moon, when you are sad or hopeless, or when fortune has played you one of her scurvy tricks. And visit it too in health of mind and body, when your joy of living will be responsive to the great soul of the stream.—

‘Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.’

You can never pick out one of its phases and say, ‘That is the genuine river—the river itself, undisturbed and unattended by adventitious circumstance.’ You cannot say to-day, ‘This is the very spirit of the river,’ and to-morrow, ‘I would hardly know it—it is not itself’—for whatever shape it assumes it is always the river

of your thoughts and your delight, changing but ever changeless, with its whims and caprices, yet retaining its personality throughout the years. Even at the lowest tide when it seems but a shadow of its former self, you realise its power and destructive force. There is a quarter of a mile of lonely walk along the ridge of the steep bank where I love to pace. Up and down it you can go, savouring the river-smell that assails your nostrils when you face the wind. It was only the other evening when it seemed to run a mere rivulet amid the broad flats on each side. Gulls were standing on the mud or sailing overhead, and their screams filled the air. There was a great black-backed fellow, with powerful stroke and splendid stretch of wing, solitary, hunting for its food alone; another kind with black head and hoarse cackling cry, and yet a third with beautiful white neck and pearl-grey body, turning and tossing with buoyant grace. Peaceful was the scene and you almost forgot the surge of the irresistible torrent which you had witnessed only the day before. But the debris littering the mud and flung high against the bank was there to remind you—spars, broken branches, baskets, tins, boxes, barrel-hoops, bottles, bones, boots, rags, a shattered and pathetic medley. For this silver thread was one of the highways of the world that scoured humanity, bearing upon its bosom the life of many a city on its passage to the sea.

Yes, it was only the day before that I had seen the great river in full surge and whipped by a high wind. On some days the gentlest of zephyrs crinkles its surface into delicate pleats, or a stronger breeze into larger undulating tresses like the waves of a woman's hair. But yesterday the water was tormented, lashed by a gale into crests of foam, until the smaller craft on the other side tossed and almost broke from their moorings. And ever and anon a fast tug, drawing a couple or so of barges in its wake, or a steamer, would add to the turmoil of the waters, raising a heavy wash that battled with the current and widened until it broke upon either bank. It was during this tempestuous weather that I watched a duck and her young setting out upon the endeavour to cross the river. So hazardous an adventure it seemed at the time that I cannot recall it without wonderment and I witnessed it then with my heart in my mouth, expecting the whole brood to founder at any moment. She had ten small chicks hardly bigger than bumblebees and, when I caught sight of her, was only a few yards from where I stood. Her children were clustered close behind and she was facing upstream. She seemed to be making for a point on the other

side higher up the river, but so strong was the current, so furious the blast, so rough the surface of the water, that all she and they could do with all their efforts, was to drift across in almost a straight line. As they reached the middle of the river the water became even more broken. The little fledglings were now stretched out in a line behind her, struggling with might and main to keep in her wake. But she never turned her head. To all appearances unconcerned, she faced upstream with head erect, and whenever one of her young became too far detached from the main body, would cease paddling and with telepathic vision drift backwards with her brood until he had been once more gathered in. At one moment a tiny member of the group had, I thought, been lost for good. He appeared to be even smaller than the rest, and feebler. Yards began to separate him from the others and it was pitiful to see his desperate and frantic efforts to recover the ground he had lost. Little by little he was borne back, fluttering and struggling in an agonised attempt to join his mother. The cruel waves knocked him about, submerged him, tossed him hither and thither, and the pathetic struggle went on, the spirit within this atom of fluff trying to overcome the immensity of the forces and dangers about it. Once only did the mother look back, when a despairing cry in the extremity of her child's peril may have reached her, a lightning glance, and once more she faced upstream. Then gradually she drifted backwards, back, back, till the little fellow was again a member of the tiny flock. You could see them expending all their strength to keep up with her, flung from side to side, as the wash of a boat or a fiercer gust than usual tore them from their course. It was the bravest adventure I ever saw, the most dangerous seemingly, the most enterprising, whose issue hung so often in the balance. Gradually as they passed over to the other side, I lost sight of them, first of the brood, then of the mother. As she drifted out of view she was well over the middle of the river, still facing unwaveringly upstream. There is but little doubt that they all got over safely. But what could have been the reason for taking such terrible risks? Were they flying from a still greater menace? Was their food upon the other side? Or was she, like a Spartan mother, bent upon testing the nerve of her offspring and tempering the steel of their spirit in the iron school of adversity? Who can tell?

Except for the gulls and the drumming of some distant machinery, the river is very quiet to-day. There is not enough water to carry the heavier craft which are waiting for the tide to turn. Dozens

of boats of all sizes are lying on the mud and the scene has a deserted look. But, when the tide is in, the desolation is transformed into a spectacle of extraordinary animation. The river becomes a sentient, pulsing creature, working with a will, transporting rapidly the goods and people it is called upon to carry. The slow, heavily-laden barges are my favourites, massive, low-sunken in the water, grave, deliberate, unhurried, weighty with concerns of deep commercial import. Men live their whole lives in them, rear their families in them, practically never leave them, sometimes are born or die in them. You can see the children scampering over the closed hatches and the wife busy in the duties of her home, emerging sometimes from the cabin-door to flick a duster. What a colourful existence!—the roar of the great city about you, the endless procession of its towers and bridges, its churches and cathedrals, its vast warehouses and cranes, its wharves and palaces, its power-stations and enormous gasometers, its docks and shipping, its factories, parks and slums. Yet what peace! for though you see and hear them; though you are amid them, you are not of them. You float in a world of your own, passing and repassing, disinterested spectators, familiar with all these sights and sounds, yet living your own life and removed from all their unrest by an impassable barrier that none can disturb. There are craft of every kind—motor-boats, tugs, dinghies, police-patrols, canoes, one-masted sailing boats, one-funnelled steamships, pleasure-craft too, packed with sightseers and festooned with life-belts, plying their manifold affairs, some gay, others solemn, some beautiful with coloured sails, others drab and ungainly, but each of them with a personality of its own, and all dependent upon the good-will of the river and strictly observant of its sacred rules.

How long ago it seems when, as a boy, I used to roam a certain wooded gully, tickling the trout in this selfsame river, but miles away, just below its source! We were both in our infancy, the stream and I, inexperienced, irresponsible, without a care. We had seen nothing of the world and knew not whither we were tending. I used to leap across the little dancing brook and quench my thirst at its tiny waterfalls. Many a trout have I caught there. Lying on your face above the water, you bared your arm to the shoulder and quietly inserted your hand palm upwards in its cool current beneath some large stone. It was there that the trout loved to lie when the sun was hot. I got to know the particular kind of flat, dark rock, with sharp edges, hollowed out below, that they

favoured most. You might try and try again in vain. At times they would be hiding in the bottom of the deeper pools, but of a sudden, under some miniature beetling crag, you would feel the smooth belly of a fish against your fingers. It required a good deal of delicate dexterity, for on the slightest disturbance of the water or any abrupt jerk or pressure, away he would flash like a streak of lightning and escape you. You had to caress him ever so lightly with the sensitive tips of your fingers, ever so patiently, without moving the rest of your hand or body. Sometimes he would shift his position a little and then you had to follow him up, but gradually he would become hypnotised by the stroking, lulled into a delicious trance, and you could then shepherd him by fractions of an inch at a time to the outer edges of his cavern. Little by little you would lift him too, nearer and nearer would you coax him to the surface, and more and more within the hollow of your palm, and then without warning, with abominable, treacherous suddenness, you would jerk him out of the water on to the bank at your side. There he would lie struggling ineffectually, his beautiful scales radiant with light, until you put him in the can of water which stood ready for his reception. Often would I lose my prey through over-eagerness, before his senses had been sufficiently numbed. The lithe, brown body would then slither from beneath my hand and vanish in one of the deeper pockets where I could no longer reach it.

There were cataracts and shallows, rapids and deep channels in the little stream. It was the great river in its childhood, passing through an Eden of its own, seen by few human eyes but mine. Like myself, it was innocent, leaping and laughing from step to step through the lush grasses, bounded by primrose-covered banks, unsullied, fed by a sweet and secret spring a mile or two away. To-day we are both older and more thoughtful. What experiences we have been through! How learned we have become in the ways of men! Life is much more complicated now, for alien streams have joined us and conventions and the interests of others hem us in. But sometimes the river remembers the days of its youth and for a brief spell breaks free, bursting the trammels put upon it and causing surprise and anxiety to those who are ignorant of those leapings in the little wood. But I understand. It is the spirit of the beck not far from its source, the soul of youth, the memory of those early times and scenes, when it was racing with the trout and laughing with the sun, and a boy of its own age ran beside it.

So here I come for companionship, on summer evenings and

autumn afternoons ; in high wind, blowing inland, when I get a tang of the sea ; in driving rain, wrapped to the eyes in an oil-skin ; in winter when icicles hang along the river wall ; on days in spring, when the skirting park and garden are full of growth and happy promise. To-day it is autumn, and Phineas, the gardener, who is working just below me, says we are in for a spell of dirty weather. He has been on the place for nearly half a century and so should know. There was an ugly story connected with him in his youth. He and his brother lived together in a cottage a few hundred yards up the river beyond the limits of my favourite walk. They had inherited their father's savings in equal shares and were both unmarried. One dark night they went out together in their little boat to lay down some lines, a thing however they had never done before at that season of the year. His brother, he told the police, had fallen overboard when reaching out too far, and so pitch-black was it that, although he rowed about for half an hour, he could see nothing of him and so returned. Anyway, next day the body was found, washed up two or three hundred yards down the river just below the spot where I was then standing. There were no marks of violence, save on one of his hands where two fingers had been crushed and the skin broken, but this might have been caused by some passing craft. His share of their father's fortune fell to Phineas, who went on living in the cottage as before. He was now an old man, still unmated, a hard, greedy miser, disliked by everyone who knew him, but a good worker. One late afternoon in the previous December I was just about to bring my customary walk to a close, when I espied the old fellow in the gathering dusk climbing up a path that led from the garden down below to the top of the river bank. He looked furtively around and then stood above the spot where his brother's body had been washed ashore. For close on five minutes he stood there, motionless, as though carved in stone, gazing down at the edge of the water, and then, once more glancing furtively about him, descended whence he had come. Yes, the river has its dark secrets as well as its romance.

The tide is now slowly rising and the wind is getting up. It has grown late while I have thus ruminated, later than I thought. The pale river is filling, but is very still ; the gulls have all departed ; the great lantern of the sun is sunken low and burns in a lurid sky, and a shiver passes over me as I climb down the bankside and bend my footsteps home.

MADELEINE.

BY MURIEL D. BLANCKENSEE.

I.

WHEN her paralysed sister died, her friends in the village said: 'Now she can go to Burma, at last.'

One and all they said it. But it was Rhoda Camberly's voice that was the most emphatic and determined: Rhoda Camberly, with her genius for interference, her unappeasable energy of action in other people's lives.

'It's been a terrible time for you, Madeleine,' she said. 'But one can only call it a happy release for *her*. And now you will be free—to travel and go to Burma, as you have always wanted to.'

Madeleine Hume answered nothing. She seemed dazed: stupified.

She was forty-three. Her hair had turned grey, but for a few strands of faded yellow that were a draggled survival of her youth. Her face was hollowed and bloodless with the weariness of nursing her paralysed sister for twelve crawling years. Twelve years; one hundred and forty-four months; six hundred and twenty-four weeks; four thousand three hundred and eighty-three days.

Now it was over.

When Rhoda and the others had gone, she sat alone in the empty house and tried to make her mind waken from its numbness. Outside, in the shining quietness of the summer evening, a black-bird's clear-cut trill was like a call to vespers. Through the window-panes, the sky lay colourless as sleeping water, and a flight of birds floated across, homing. A tree moved softly in the faint wind, like a cradle rocked to an unheard lullaby.

Madeleine shut her eyes and tried to look back across the twelve years. Somewhere, very far away, lay the place from which she had set out, light of heart, like one who goes forth in the early morning to walk upon sunlit uplands above the sea. But farther on, her feet had plunged through grass that grew rank and tangled; and farther yet, she had been lost among desolate sand-dunes, with

her eyes blinded by the sting of the wind-swept sand, and her cries muted by fear and a sense of her doom. Now of a sudden she heard voices speaking to her—these people telling her: 'Go back! Go back to the soft green turf of the uplands.' And she turned to look.

There was no way back to the place whence she had come. Something had happened there, upon those uplands. After her passing, the cliff had cracked asunder. A fissure gaped, a ravine lay jagged and deep. There was no way back.

She stared across, and suddenly she could not quite believe that she had ever stood upon the other side. It seemed that only a mirage world could be there, a life that had existed but in a dream. Her eyes strained aching, trying to see.

Somewhere in that half-forgotten dream of life beyond the ravine, there had been a young girl of twenty called Madeleine Hume, with her friend Effie. Effie was engaged to be married, and preparing to go out to a far-away place called Burma, where Ted Manning lived near the ruby mines. The details of her trousseau she left to her mother's care, and the marriage settlement to her father's. Her greater interest lay in sending to London for books about this place called Burma, and reading them through breathlessly, with Madeleine's head bent over the pages beside her own.

Pagodas and temples; idols of the god Buddha, squatting for ever impassive with his feet twisted beneath his bended knees; brass gongs and mystic prayer-wheels; jungles and great rivers with mangrove-swamps; in the night, the wind screaming in the forest, the cries of unknown wild beasts killing one another in the jungle darkness, or their trample and thud as they went down to the water to drink; a race of strange, dark figures, romantic as the Indians, mysterious as those of China; rice-fields, and oxen moving slowly with little carts behind; wayside shrines and temples to yellow-robed holy men long dead; and the monotonous, beating drone of prayer—*Om mane padme hum, om mane padme hum* . . .

'Oh, Effie, it's too wonderful. It can't be true. There can't be such a place as this!'

'I wish you were coming too, Madeleine. Don't you?'

She tried to answer something, but her throat closed up and choked her. Her head went down on to the table beside the book, and she cried.

'Madeleine, you *shall* come. Listen! When I've settled down out there, with Ted, we'll have you stay with us. Or when his

friends sail for England on holiday, I'll tell them to come and see you; and they'll fall in love with you, and you'll marry one of them and come out there to live too.'

Madeleine shook her head. 'No, you won't, Effie. When once you get out there, you'll forget.'

'Oh, Madeleine, I will! I will!'

'Promise, then.'

'I promise.'

II.

When Effie had gone, people said to Madeleine:

'You must miss her a lot, don't you? She was your best friend, wasn't she.'

But Madeleine answered:

'Oh, I shall be seeing her again soon. I am going out there to stay with her.'

She would smile at them blithely, and then go quickly home and up to her room, to take out the books about Burma. Effie had left them to her as a present. They were finely printed, and had many illustrations. Over and over again she read them, always telling herself, as she had told her friends in the village: 'I shall be going there soon.'

But down in the depth of her mind, there pricked something which she would not admit as knowledge; but which, in tired moments, she allowed of as a faint doubt.

'I wonder if Father will give me the money to go, when she asks me. I wonder if he will let me set out alone on that journey. Ted Manning came to fetch Effie. Suppose Father says I can't go by myself.'

When the first letter arrived, she read it through with swift rapacity. Effie wrote that everything seemed very strange, that the heat was more endurable than she had expected, that already she was a little homesick. She said: 'If only you were here too.' She did not say: 'You must come'; or even, 'If you came.'

Perhaps Ted Manning had told her that a girl could not make the journey alone. Or perhaps Effie did not want a third person with them yet. She was intensely in love with Ted, his face brown with Eastern sunlight and his blue eyes looking forth from it in masterfulness and laughter. Effie might want to be alone with him for a while. But later, although of course she would still

love him just as greatly (for Madeleine was only twenty), still she might be ready then to have someone else there too.

So, as Effie's letters came at leisurely intervals, Madeleine pounced upon each in expectancy. Having read it through once, twice and again, she showed it to Rhoda and the others; exhibiting it to them proudly, as if she would conceal even from herself the heartsick disappointment of it for what it did not say. And still she went on telling herself:

'Later. Presently. I must wait.'

At last Effie wrote:

'Do you remember my promise, or did you think that I'd forgotten? Because I haven't. I said that when any of Ted's friends out here went home to England on holiday, I'd tell them to call and see you. So I've told a Mr. Bourne to call. I think you will like him. He is very rich, and they think a lot of him out here. He doesn't drink too much, as many of them do. And he dances, and plays tennis. He is about thirty, I should think. But you will see for yourself. I've told him that you're tremendously interested in the East and would love to talk to someone who has lived there.'

When Madeleine read this, she knew at last that Effie was never going to ask her to come and stay with them. If she was ever to go to Burma, she must make this Mr. Bourne fall in love with her, so that he would marry her and take her back with him.

She bought new dresses. She thought of things that she would say to him and questions that she would ask. Sometimes, in wavering dreams, she imagined what he might say to her: not when they first met, but afterwards, when he was beginning to fall in love. The things he would say to her then . . .

But the days passed by, and he did not come. He never came. Afterwards, Effie wrote and told her that he had not had time to call, because he had become engaged to a girl in London.

It was then that Madeleine sent to town for some new books about Burma and the East. It was then that she bought a little brass Buddha, with joss-sticks to burn in it, and two small Indian ivories, and a Chinese vase. She was trying to revitalise her dying hope with a new vividness of enthusiasm. Her dream was holding out clutching, desperate hands.

And meanwhile the months went trickling down to make a pool of years: five years, ten years. . . .

One evening her father died: very quietly, while sitting in his

arm-chair, of heart-failure. Madeleine and her sister Lilian were now left alone with each other.

At the burial, Madeleine stood with the rest in the quiet, uncaring churchyard. She heard the vicar speaking the old, grief-worn words of resignation. 'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.' She did not know what was the prayer that her own lips were shaping soundlessly to the moaning of her heart.

'Om mane padme hum, om mane padme hum . . .'

The solicitor read the will to her and her sister, and they learnt that all their lives they would have money enough and to spare.

The evening post brought a letter from Effie. She and Ted were about to take a holiday, a respite from the East. Once before they had taken one, but then had gone to Paris and Vienna: now they were coming to England.

All that night Madeleine lay awake mourning for the dead. When her thoughts would have leapt forward to the future, she held them back, saying, 'No, not yet.' It was unthinkable that she should be so callously and bestially self-enwrapped, that she should pass on so swiftly, with so scanty a lingering. For shame of herself and for very superstition of God's anger, she dared not think of what the future promised to her: lest she should grow almost happy, with her father dead.

So she lay mourning, with all the grief of her love for him. Only the primitive element in her—the protoplasmic core of egotism that was her heritage, as it is every man's, from immemorial ages—cradled the knowledge that she had her own money now. And Effie and her husband were coming to England for a while; and when they returned to Burma, it might be that they would not mind if a third person went with them on the journey back.

When she saw her sister in the morning, she said:

'Lilian, some time we shall have to go through all Father's things. Shall we begin this afternoon?'

With a spasmodic jerk, her sister turned away.

'Not . . . not this afternoon. I've got to go out.'

'Out? Where?'

Lilian was at the door. Her fingers were upon the handle, but she did not pass out. She stood there as if she would fain have fled, but could not.

Madeleine went across to her and put her arm about her.

'What is it, Lily? Can't you bear to do it? It's all right. I'll see to it myself. I . . . I don't mind . . . as much as that.'

But Lilian shivered away from her touch.

'Don't!' she jerked in a shrill, creaking voice. 'I'll help do it, some other time. This afternoon . . . I'm going out, I tell you.'

She tore suddenly at the door handle, and went from the room, half running, but with something strange in her gait. Madeleine stared after her as she went.

Early that afternoon, the front door closed behind Lilian. Returning at five o'clock, she went straightway upstairs to her room, calling out that she had a sick headache and was going to bed.

'Don't come in to me, please. I'm going to try and sleep. I shan't want anything at all to eat to-night.'

Madeleine was having the evening meal desolately by herself, when the bell rang. It was the doctor whom the maid brought in to see her.

He was an elderly man, but his manner was crude in its brusquerie. He told her that Lilian had been to see him and he had diagnosed the beginning of creeping paralysis.

That night, Madeleine Hume locked away her books about Burma. She took the Chinese vase from the mantelpiece of her room, and the little Indian ivories. She lifted the brass Buddha from her dressing-table and held him tightly for a moment, looking at his passive face, his heavy-lidded eyes. She set a last joss-stick in its hole, and lit it, and watched the smoke rise up between his folded knees. '*Om mane padme hum, om mane padme hum . . .*' Then she put him away with the books and the vase and the ivories, and she locked the drawer.

Effie and her husband arrived in England, spent their holiday, and sailed again.

Madeleine nursed Lilian for twelve years.

III.

When Lilian died, they came to Madeleine and said:

'Now you can go to Burma as you have always wanted to.'

But she was mute and numb.

Rhoda came to stay with her in the empty house. Rhoda asked her:

'What are your plans about getting rid of the house before you go?'

But Madeleine said, 'I don't know,' dully.

'Well, of course you will sell it furnished, lock, stock and barrel. I'll help you clear the useless rubbish out first, and pick out the

personal things you want to keep. But you won't be keeping much. You don't want a lot of luggage trailing round the world after you, do you ?'

'No,' said Madeleine.

'And if I were you,' Rhoda went on fluently, 'I should sell by auction. Fix it for a certain date, and get it all over and done with. Then you can go off to Burma with your mind at rest, knowing exactly how your affairs stand.'

'Yes,' said Madeleine.

'So would you like me to arrange with an agent about the auction ?'

'Yes,' said Madeleine.

Rhoda, exultantly tireless in pulling puppet-strings to make picturesque scenes of others' lives, went to London for an agent to conduct the sale. When the day of the auction came, she took Madeleine into her own home. Afterwards, she conducted her to London, to spend the morning in buying muslin dresses and mosquito netting ; in consulting travel bureaux about routes and ports of call, and about the town in Burma which Madeleine had best make her first harbourage. In the afternoons, Rhoda insisted that she should lie down and rest.

'You look a bit tired,' she said.

But Madeleine did not feel tired. She did not feel anything. Her hair had gone grey, and her face was hollowed. Her deepened eyes did not see London or the muslin dresses. They did not even see Burma now.

These people who believed that she wanted to go to the East, they were thinking of someone else. They were remembering a young girl who had had all the adventure of life in her spirit, all the vitality of youth and the expectancy of untried dreams. They did not seem to see the broken cliff, the ravine. They did not seem to know that there had been four thousand three hundred and eighty-three stricken days. But it did not matter.

Until within actually a few days of the time when Rhoda had booked for her a berth on the ship, she still did not know that it mattered. And then, suddenly, she awakened. Some of her friends in the village who were going away the next week-end called to see her at Rhoda's house.

'In case we stay a day or two longer than we expect, and you are gone before we get back,' they explained. 'We've come to say good-bye.'

She had known them always, from the far-away distance of her childhood. They were familiar to her as the village itself; as the Green, and the Hall where the sales of work and the dances were held; as the Lodge and the Vicarage: familiar as these, and she had thought them as steadfast, as eternal.

Suddenly she understood. The village too was ephemeral, for her! It was slipping from her. They were sending her away, to Burma. They were pushing her out, adrift from everything.

Panic caught her by the heart, and she cried out that she would not go. The friends who had come to visit her tried to quieten her with soothing sounds like a crooning. Rhoda took her arm and half-pulled her upstairs to her room.

'She is a little strange sometimes,' Rhoda explained to the others. 'Of course, she hasn't recovered yet from Lilian's death. And the strain of all the years that went before. But the sea voyage will do her good.'

Until the time of Madeleine's sailing, Rhoda kept with admirable and unlapsing patience that attitude of wise sympathy. For Madeleine was 'strange' indeed. She kept crying that she did not want to go, she would not go! They were trying to force her but she wouldn't go!

'What is it, Madeleine?' Rhoda asked her at last. 'Why do you think you don't want to go, when all your life you have longed for nothing but this?'

'I'm old!' she cried. 'Don't you understand? I've grown old! I can't face it. The strangeness, the loneliness! When I was a girl, I wanted life and adventure, and all that the world could give. Youth doesn't count the cost of things. Youth has the strength to take, and pay. But I'm tired, Rhoda! I want to stay here, where I have been always. Here, where there's a niche for me to rest in! Can't you see it—the fissure, the ravine! There's no way back!'

Her voice had risen to a shriek, so that Rhoda did not even hear the words that she spoke, but only the wild sound that she made; so she took her up to her room and gave her a tablet to soothe her to rest.

Madeleine lay in bed, staring at the blank white space of the ceiling and the grey lines across it where the plaster had cracked. She knew on a sudden that if she went to Burma, she would never come back. The East that had called to her twenty-three years before would make her its own at last. She would die out there, in

the strangeness and the loneliness ; and dark figures would bury her, with the sound of brass gongs and the alien pagoda-bells, and the moan of prayer to the passionless immemorial Buddha—*om mane padme hum, om mane padme hum . . .*

And yet she knew that when the morning came, she would let them have their way with her, Rhoda and the others. They were pushing her out, like a boat, dragged across the sands and into the sea : and she had no strength or will to resist them. She was too tired. What did it matter, after all ? Here in her familiar place, ten years hence or twenty maybe : or out there in the burning East, soon—very soon. What would it matter, at the end ?

So they sent her to Burma.

Only, on the last day of all, she defeated Rhoda in one thing. She would not be accompanied on to the boat, or even to Tilbury. She would take farewell of her in London, at Fenchurch Street Station.

‘ Even though I am tired and grown old, let me go as if on the adventure I have always dreamed it would be,’ she said. ‘ And it must begin with my first sight of the ship that is to take me. I want to be alone then. I will say good-bye to you in London.’

Rhoda found no answer to make to this. She stood in Fenchurch Street Station and watched the disappearance of the train that was to take Madeleine into the unknown. When the long lines of metals lay quiet again and empty to the sight, she went to the refreshment-room and drank a cup of coffee. Then she returned to the village.

Madeleine sent no letter from the ship, nor from any port of call. Weeks went by before Rhoda had news of her, and then the letter bore the Burmese stamp. She said that she had had a comfortable journey, but had been too tired to write until then ; so tired indeed that she had revolted against staying at the hotel in the place which they had marked out for her as her destination. Instead, she was staying with Effie.

‘ I am still a little tired, so I won’t try and tell you now about the life out here, but will keep that for another letter. But I do want to thank you very much indeed for all you have done for me. Perhaps it has seemed sometimes as though I haven’t appreciated it, but indeed I have. You have spared yourself no trouble or thought to do what you believed to be best for me.’

Rhoda kept that letter. She told people that Madeleine was evidently much better already, and she let them read it in evidence.

‘ Of course, it must be marvellous for her,’ she pointed out.

'The thing she has wanted all her life, and now to have got it at last. I'm looking forward to the next time she writes, to hear all about it.'

Nor was she disappointed, for Madeleine's second letter was vibrant with her enthusiasm. The East was all that the books had told. The forests were there, and the dark-flowing rivers, the pagodas and the yellow-robed monks, the bazaars and the bullock-carts, the smells and the sounds and the sights.

'It is all just as the books said it was, Rhoda. When you read what I have written here, I daresay it will almost sound to you as if I were quoting from the books as I used to do. Surely it doesn't often happen in life, that the reality fulfils the anticipation like this.'

It seemed that she was still staying with Effie: that her friend's home had open doors for her, whenever she came back from adventuring in the surrounding places. The postmark on her letters was always that of the little barbaric-sounding town where Ted and Effie Manning lived.

But there came a time when Rhoda said:

'It seems longer than usual since she wrote. Her letter must have got lost.'

Presently she was saying:

'It is months since she wrote. I don't understand. Something has happened.'

And still no letter came.

But one day in *The Times* Rhoda saw a half-column headed with the words: 'Cholera Outbreak Spreads to Burma. Towns and Villages Deserted.'

Her eyes did not stay to read steadily the description beneath. Like birds of prey they pounced, snatching up a word here, a phrase there. Swiftly she understood what was happening. Burma and India were being burnt out by a plague of cholera. The residents were dead or stricken or fleeing. Madeleine—and doubtless Effie too—was dead or dying or had fled.

Perhaps she would presently hear from Madeleine, saying that she had escaped to the hills or was on board ship coming home. Or perhaps she would never hear from Madeleine again.

She thought that: and yet, she had not known of Madeleine's foreboding that the East which had called her so long ago was about to make her its own for ever.

That evening, the post brought her an envelope marked 'On His Majesty's Service.' She tore it open, disclosing another envel-

ope, slit across the top and addressed to Effie in the Burmese town where she lived. Beneath, some official had written the words: 'Gone away.' The name and the address were in the handwriting of Madeleine.

Rhoda thrust her fingers into the slit and pulled out the contents — another envelope: unstamped and un-postmarked. It had never been posted, except within the envelope sent by Madeleine to Effie. The name and address on it were Rhoda's own. That was why the authorities, baffled by Effie's having 'gone away,' had sent the whole Chinese-puzzle of envelopes, one within another, to her.

Inside, there was a characteristic letter from Madeleine, still describing the East, as if she could never grow indifferent to the wonder of it. It held no hint of tragedy to come, no shiver of premonition. Rhoda laid it aside and stared at the three envelopes.

She took up the one which had been sent to Effie. It had the postmark: 'Woodyate.' That sounded like the name of an English village.

Every instinct in Rhoda's nature pulsed: her curiosity, her energy of action, her predatory passion of possession in other people's lives. She made enquiries until she ascertained that Woodyate was a hamlet in Berkshire: and then, still with no minutest nucleus of understanding, but with an enagement at being baffled, with a lust to hunt down and drag forth, she made the rambling, intricate journey to Woodyate.

The hamlet was a three-mile walk from the nearest station. Its outlying building was a farmstead, at which she stopped and asked for a glass of milk. While she drank, she talked to the farmer's wife and daughter, with an air of being casual.

'Don't you get tired of living here always, in such a tiny village? Always the same faces, the same people round you. I don't suppose anyone new ever comes here, do they?'

'No,' answered the farmer's daughter slowly. 'Not gen'ally, they don't. But we did have someone new come, not so long ago, though. Not more'n a year ago, at most.'

'Who was that?' Rhoda asked.

'Lady come and took Lavender Cottage, up against the church,' they told her. 'We don't rightly know what she come for. Nobody don't. Quiet lady, elderly-like. Lives there by herself . . .'

'What's her name?' Rhoda's voice thrust the question at them with a ferocity of impatience.

'Miss Hume, her name is . . .'

They gasped. For with a galvanic movement Rhoda was gone, down the hawthorn-fenced lane at the end of which she could see a church spire pricking the sky.

The door of Lavender Cottage stood open to the sunlight. She strode in with aggressive feet. At the window of the front room a figure was standing, looking out at the English fields in their homely patchwork of yellow mustard, purple beet and the evanescent green of young corn; at the small grey church amongst its trees, and beyond, a flock of sheep, snipping absordedly at the grass.

Rhoda gave an effectively dramatic cry:

'Madeleine!'

The figure started.

'Rhoda!'

She sat staring with shocked, dilated eyes, her mouth twitching.

With a silent gesture, sensational as had been her cry, Rhoda thrust out her hand with the 'On His Majesty's Service' envelope, and the full contents within.

Madeleine bent her head forward self-protectively as she took it, but after a moment she looked up.

"Gone away," she read aloud. 'That will be because of the cholera plague.'

'But how . . . but why . . .'

Madeleine's eyes met hers.

'Yes,' she said. 'All those letters you had from me were first sent to her to be forwarded—so that they should have the Burmese postmark upon them.'

'But you . . . But . . . Oh, I don't understand.'

Madeleine turned away from her, to look again at the small grey church among the fields.

'You don't understand . . . ' she repeated. 'Can't you see that I've grown old? Can't you see the years I have passed across—and after my passing they broke asunder, like cliffs, into a great ravine! Burma—my dream of Burma—lies there on the other side. And there is no way back,' she said.

AN ILL-FATED GLEN.

SOME EXTRAORDINARY COINCIDENCES.

BY GEORGE HOGAN KNOWLES.

FAR to the north of Lucknow—the capital of that old, historic Province of Oudh, over which a King once ruled in prodigal splendour—lies a remote tract of glorious country ; the sub-Himalayan district of Lakhimpur. Touching the wild borders of the Himalayas, where the dreaded brigand and the huge tiger of northern India find a harbour of refuge, and, adorned with the glamour of thrilling, historical legends, this district calls alluringly to the big-game hunter. It was here, in these wilds—long before the advent of the Honourable East India Company—along the high borderland of deep jungle recesses, that a powerful Nawab—whose jewel-hilted sword rested in its scabbard in the presence only of the Moghul Emperor of Delhi—built, regardless of expense, formidable forts in support of a deep intrigue to kidnap into his territory a beautiful Princess of the Himalayas ; news of whose wonderful beauty and independence of spirit had spread far and wide. Owing to the iron conservatism of caste, the Mohammedan chieftain could never hope to win, by legitimate means, the hand of the fair Princess ; and he treated with reckless scorn the consequences of incurring the fierce anger of the King of those mountain territories.

In a central stronghold—from which a line of forts, manned by the flower of his army, extended through the jungles to the east and west—the great Nawab, in company with his commander-in-chief, spent weeks on end in all seasons of the year, hunting the tiger and the panther, while awaiting from the mountain heights news of the progress of his dangerous intrigue. Tradition narrates that the Princess, tired of the close watch kept upon her—through the influence of her jealous fiancé—on account of her great beauty, was enamoured with the romantic adventure ; and, as proof of the favourable reception of the Nawab's amorous avowals, she sent him, through his spies, a painted portrait of herself, promising,—if there were no hitch in the working of his secret plans, to put his courage to the test. One night, cleverly disguised, she left the royal

palace of her aged father, the King, and fled with the Nawab's ambassador and his secret agents.

It was not long before the plot was discovered. Notwithstanding his infirmity, the King of the mountains led, in person, his sturdy hill soldiers down to the plains, in pursuit of his fugitive daughter : but, the main body of his army being led astray through treachery, he was captured near the Nawab's jungle forts. Though a prisoner, the mountain King was treated as a royal guest, being paid all the honours due to a great sovereign. In his wrath, however, he publicly insulted his host, and, as old as he was, the King challenged the great Nawab to a private duel. The Princess, penitent for her conduct and tortured with grief, followed the duellists and their seconds to a glen—an open clearing in dense jungle. But, when the combatants drew their swords, the handsome Nawab, a warrior in the prime of life, suddenly flung his weapon down, and, throwing himself at the feet of his royal prisoner, exposed his bare breast to him, saying, that he would rather die and lose his happiness in this world, with the Princess as his wife, than harm a single hair on the grey head of such a brave King. Upon this the Princess rushed up, and, prostrating herself across her lover, implored her royal father's mercy and forgiveness.

Touched with his daughter's appeal, and the noble sentiments of her chivalrous lover, the King ordered the lovers to rise, and, as a token of his forgiveness—and sufferance of the Princess's conversion to Islamism—he silently placed the hilt of his sword in his daughter's hand, and turned his back to walk away. But, at that very moment—Fate striking a blow to cloud the happiness of the lovers—a savage tiger, that had been wounded by some soldiers, amusing themselves hunting, suddenly rushed across the glen, and killed the aged King before he could be rescued.

In due course, holy men from the two kingdoms came, and, cursing that jungle clearing—with the imprecation that, whosoever passed through it should meet with sudden death—they laid with brickwork, horizontally on the ground, a large figure representative of the evil one. And to this day may be seen the old ruins of the grand Nawab's jungle stronghold ; on the site of which now stands a double-storied inspection bungalow for Forest Officers, called the 'Fort.' About a mile north of this bungalow, in the depths of the Government reserved forests, crumbled pieces of brick are still supposed to be found in an open depression, where the grass is stunted. From the 'Fort,' or inspection bungalow, a fire-line

runs north, through the high tree forest, crossing a portion of this, apparently fated, jungle clearing; for, strange to say, not a few tragedies and narrow escapes from various causes have from time to time occurred on this road—either close to the clearing, or on the site itself. The saddest tragedy of all was the case of a young Forest Officer, who, within six months of his arrival in India, was killed outright on the very spot by a falling tree.

I had shot in the vicinity of the 'Fort' on one or two occasions; always avoiding this glen, through force of habit more than any sentimental reason. But on a subsequent occasion I happened to defy the legendary curse. I joined a Christmas party at the 'Fort' for a ten days' shoot. Several guns made up the party. In view of the superstition of our shikaris and elephant drivers, we treated the glen as forbidden ground, and allowed a detour to be made, whenever we had occasion to make use of that particular road, or forest-line.

One afternoon—it was a Sunday too, I remember—I took out shooting a young Lieutenant—alluded to as P.—who had arrived in camp only that morning. A pad elephant, a staunch female, had been put at our disposal; and we started off. The other guns elected to rest in camp that memorable afternoon. P. was full of curiosity about the ill-fated jungle clearing, and his keenness to put it to the test inspired me to agree to pass over the spot. Our mahout, however, a son of the Prophet—a fine, old, bearded veteran—refused to even entertain the idea; so, in the face of the old fellow's solicitations, we determined to make the adventure on foot. 'Why tempt the Great Allah,' he said, 'who has permitted, for some reason we mortals do not understand, certain things to come about in certain places? It is all for the good of mankind; and our holy men do say, that there is more in superstition than meets the eye,' he said, warning us seriously. But we had no personal objections, and insisted upon going.

We follow the forest-line down—the elephant moving solemnly—until we come to a well-known bend in the road, within about two hundred yards of the glen. Here we insist upon the elephant's sitting down, in order to dismount; and we are about to alight, when, suddenly, some cheetal (spotted deer) call furiously in the jungle to our left. They are terribly alarmed at something. The elephant gets fidgety and stands up again. 'Don't go,' pleads the mahout; but we insist emphatically. For some extraordinary reason, the elephant, staunch as she is, begins to give trouble:

she is not inclined to obey her driver. The mahout punches her on the head with his iron *gajbag*, and, the moment her knees touch the ground, P. and I slip off the pad with our empty rifles (in movements up and down *machans* and elephants' backs, weapons being unloaded for the sake of safety). But what can have happened to the elephant? For no more apparent reason than the alarm cry of some cheetal, she gets up in a panic, and bolts before the mahout has had time to unfasten our cartridge bags and hand them down to us! Madly rushes the elephant through the forest, in the opposite direction to the calling cheetal. We stand and gaze after the trumpeting creature, astonished and alarmed. With empty rifles and no ammunition, we are helpless. I suggest walking back to camp. 'No,' begs P. 'Let us stalk up quietly and see what has disturbed the cheetal—it will be some fun!'

In the excitement of big-game, one sometimes loses one's better judgment. Hugging the left side of the forest-line, I lead the way, while, in single file, P. follows excitedly, close behind me. Suddenly, in a red-hot panic, the herd of cheetal disperse in all directions, some rushing desperately across the road in front of us. Almost simultaneously, a short distance on ahead—still to our left—we hear a thud of something falling heavily. I whisper that I think it is a cheetal that has just been seized by a panther; and we move on in breathless excitement, treading as noiselessly as possible through the sun-lit patches of the lengthening shadows. Now we are within a few paces of the 'clearing.' How still, all of a sudden, the jungle becomes! Cautiously we move forward, until I set foot on the forbidden ground.

Instantly, like a sudden blast, there comes the fierce intake of a dreadful breath, followed by a deafening roar that pulls us up to a dead halt, with the blood freezing in my veins. It is a monster savage tiger—horrors!—that has just killed a cheetal stag at the corner to our left, where, between the road and the open glen, the high tree forest terminates abruptly. The monster—for a mighty creature he seems with his massive head and shoulders—gorgeous in bright red and black stripes, is standing over his kill, to lift or drag it into the heavy jungle. We are standing right in the open before him, disturbing him at his most savage moment. Instinctively I feel that nothing but successful jungle deception—to stand still!—can save us. It is the practice of wild animals when confronted with sudden danger—the law of the jungles! I don't move a hairbreadth; and I am hoping and praying that P., behind

me, won't make a mistake—that he will see the urgency of following my example. To turn my head round, however slowly, and whisper a word of caution, would mean instant death! I am praying that no breeze, however gentle, may spring up; for the slightest rustle of grass near us would be sufficient to provoke the tiger further, and cause him to hurl us into eternity. We are dressed in khaki that blends with the jungle coloration; and my fervent prayer, that this mighty creature may be deceived—if but for once in his lifetime—makes the veins throb in my temples: life seems so precious! Suddenly, with a stretch that seems to double his size, the huge tiger squats down deliberately, and, with a great paw on his kill, snarls at us in great gasps, like steam from an engine shooting out spasmodically. I can almost count the long white whiskers that fly back with each terrific grin; as a low, continuous, gurgling sound—like the deep bass pipe of a great organ, exhausting its last vibrations round the high columns of an echoing cathedral—makes the ground tremble beneath us. His yellow fangs project like hideous tusks. His claws are extended full length, and his tail is lashing the short grass furiously. And now, as he takes stock of our statue-like presence with ears thrown fiercely back, his great maned head (the Himalayan mane of the big male) moves round alternately; one moment, slowly away from us, and the next moment swiftly and fiercely back, as if he suddenly suspected an aggressive move on our part. These head movements, with terrible snarling and spitting, are repeated, until I feel my knees quaking, and my nerves gradually collapsing. I seem to be alone; and I feel I cannot hold out much longer. The time that is passing seems to be interminable; and a dreadful feeling seizes me, that something must happen, or I must give vent to a scream—whatever the result may be!

I am suddenly conscious of the measured sound of something moving slowly and heavily on the ground—somewhere, beyond the tiger, inside the forest to my left: slight sounds of branches being swished aside—along the edge of the glen—seem to follow. The huge tiger hears! With a sudden, sedate calmness of expression he turns his great head away—from me. And, now, noiselessly he rises, showing his superb size and might; and, with his ears pricked forward, he faces the direction of some fresh interference. How magnificent he looks!—like a vast picture in oils, on a background of sunset gilt. Fresh blood seems to be tingling in my veins, as I feel myself now lost in admiration. But suddenly the tiger

charges out of the picture, with a roar like a clap of thunder ! An elephant trumpets, and there is the sound of a scrimmage. Someone tugs at me from behind ; and the next thing that I am aware of is that I am racing down the forest-line in the direction of camp.

'I thought you were never coming,' said P. as we halted for a moment, and looked at each other, pale-faced and out of breath. How we enjoyed that little rest with the camp-fires in view ! Suddenly, from inside the forest, our gallant mahout's voice rang out in an order to his elephant, and, reassured, we hurried on to camp.

Later on the mahout told us that, when he came in search of us —after stopping and quieting his elephant—he saw us standing, heard the tiger, and, guessing the trouble, he stalked his elephant up from the opposite direction, in order to draw the tiger away from us. Being an experienced mahout and shikari, he manœuvred his elephant out of the way when the charge came. We had a lucky escape, as it was entirely a matter of accident that the tiger in his charge selected the elephant first, and not us.

MYSTERIES OF THE PAY ENVELOPE.

BY W. F. WATSON.

DESPITE the growing tendency for 'black-coated' workers to identify themselves with wage-earners, the difference between 'salary' and 'wages' is much more than a mere question of terminology. Indeed, the difference is so great that a gulf exists between the salaried employee and the wage-earner, almost amounting to a difference in social status.

The salaried employee would probably be both surprised and indignant if anyone inquired about his wages—a mechanic would regard it as a huge joke if he were asked what was the minimum salary for fitters and turners. 'Civil Servants Demand Higher Wages' would appear as strange in print as 'Miners Strike For Increased Salaries.' Labour legislators, formerly wage-earners, who would smile indulgently if a fellow trade-unionist spoke about the wages of a Member of Parliament, talk freely about a minimum wage for all workers, and the salaries of civil servants.

It is not easy to fix a dividing line between the wage-earner and the man in receipt of a salary. The popular definition that one is a brain worker and the other works by hand is obviously absurd. Skilled artisans must of necessity be brain workers, which cannot always be said of salaried employees, many of whom are manual workers. The Encyclopædia does not help us very much, ten lines being regarded as sufficient to define salary. It is, we are told, 'a payment for services rendered, usually a stipulated sum, paid monthly, quarterly, half-yearly or yearly, for a permanent period of employment. It is generally contrasted with wages, a term applied to daily or weekly payment for manual services. As laid down by Bowen, L.J., *in re Shine* (1892), 1 Q.B., 592, "Salary means a definite payment for personal services under some contract and computed by time." The Latin *salarium* meant originally salt money (Lat. *sal*, salt), i.e., the sum paid to soldiers for salt. In post-Augustan Latin the word was applied to any allowance, pension or stipend.' No mention whatever is made of the relationship of salary to production.

But it is found necessary to devote six closely printed pages to

the complex question of wages. The author of the treatise, a professor of political economy, after telling us that the word wage is derived from the Latin word *wadium*, meaning pledge, embarks upon an analysis of nominal and real wages, variations in real wages, the wages fund theory, wages paid from the produce of labour, relative wages, natural and artificial causes of differences in wages, the State regulation of wages, and poor-law relief in aid of wages, quoting innumerable economists as authorities, and finally arriving at the conclusion that probably the best and most generally accepted definition of wages is that given by Francis Walker in his standard work on the Wage Question, namely, 'The reward of those who are employed in production with a view to the profit of their employers, and who are paid at stipulated rates.'

The origin of the use of the word wages in relation to remuneration for work done may be said to date from the manorial system of mediæval times, when tenants in villeinage, whether villeins or cottars, were pledged to

'plough or reap or do other agricultural work (as payment for rent) for two or three days in the week (week work) or at fixed times, such as harvest; while boon-day work was rendered at times not fixed, but whenever the lord of the manor might require it, although the number of boon days in a year were limited.'

When, however, the villein or cottar had performed these liabilities, he was quite free to do work on his own land, or for that matter on anyone else's land, as the cottars frequently did because, not having much land of their own, they often had time and labour to spare. It was from this cottar class that a distinct wage-earning class arose.

There is no ambiguity about the difference in the conditions of employment of him who receives a salary and the man who works for a wage. The remuneration of the former is a fixity, whilst the pay envelope of the latter is invariably a bag of mystery. A salary is not usually subject to deductions other than State Insurance contributions (which are sometimes paid by the employer) and premiums for any superannuation scheme which may be in operation among the staff. There are no stoppages for broken time, wet time, sickness or holidays, and in addition to the usual bank holidays, salaried employees, after a year's service, enjoy one or two—sometimes three—weeks' vacation on full pay. But the wage-earner is paid only for hours actually worked. Should he be a few minutes

late in the morning, or on returning from meals, half an hour's pay is deducted from the pay envelope for each delinquency. Bank holidays spell loss of wages, and it is the practice, in the engineering industry at any rate, for factories to close down during the whole of August bank holiday week. The salary man is legally entitled to payment when sick, but not so the wage-earner. Many men crawl to work unfit because they can ill afford the attenuated pay envelope which would result from staying at home to recuperate. After more than thirty years of workshop life the Easter of this year was the first holiday that made no difference to my pay. That is because I am not now a wage-earner. I am a mechanic in the works department of a well-known cinema firm, and on the salaried staff.

Moreover, the position of the salaried servant is generally regarded as a permanency. He does not live in daily dread of the sack. He knows that unless something extraordinary happens—the failure of the firm, a financial crisis causing reduction of staff, or a very serious personal offence—his weekly pay envelope (or monthly cheque) is assured indefinitely. But, as stated in the initiatory address of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, the wage-earner 'who is really enabled to exist by his own labour is, after all, dependent upon what the merest breath of adversity may in a moment dispel.' He may at any time get an hour's notice to quit for slackness, for spoiling work (even though it may not be the man's fault), for not producing enough, for 'losing time,' for being away from his machine or bench, for talking, for upsetting a liverish foreman, or for some other more or less trivial 'offence.' There are other reasons, such as the operation of payment by results, office errors, overtime, booking up systems, which help to make the pay envelope a bag of mystery and a source of continual anxiety to the artisan.

Salaried employees usually begin duties in a new berth at the beginning of the week, but even though they are required to start on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, a full week's pay is, as a rule, forthcoming on pay day. But the uncertainty of the wage-earner's pay renders it imperative that the office staff shall have sufficient time to compute wages and make up the wage-sheet. Consequently wages are paid up to Wednesday or Thursday evening. The time is paid for, of course, when a man leaves the job, but it is very inconvenient to a man starting work after a long spell of idleness.

Bert Brown arrives home one Tuesday, all smiles and teeth: he has been out of work many weeks, and he is to start at Panniers Motor Works next morning.

'I don't know how long it'll last, mate,' he says to his wife, 'but I hear they're pretty busy. Booked a lot of orders at the show. Anyway, if it's only a month or two, it'll be better than being out. I'm not sure, but I fancy they book up on Thursday, so I shall have a couple of days to come. That's seventeen hours at one and six. Let's see,' out comes the inevitable scrap of paper and piece of pencil. 'Seventeen tanners—that's eight and sixpence, and seventeen bob—that's twenty-five and sixpence all told. Then there's three days from the Exchange—that's another fifteen bob. Hm! Two quid! Not so bad. Shall have a full week the following Friday, I hope.'

Bert duly makes a start next morning. Having ascertained the name of the foreman (and listened to a more or less accurate description of that gentleman's foibles), the position of the stores, the location of the lavatory, the meal hour and the knocking-off time, he says to a shopmate, 'I suppose they pay out on Fridays!'

'That's right,' is the reply. 'We line up at the office window at six o'clock.'

'How many days do they keep in hand?' Bert then asks, rather anxiously.

'Thursday, Friday and Saturday, mate,' is the laconic reply. At which Bert's face falls, for he has to tell his long-suffering spouse that, instead of getting twenty-five shillings and sixpence on Friday, he will receive only twelve shillings and ninepence, less insurance contributions.

Before the day is out, Bert learns that he will be required to work bonus.

'What system operates here?' he inquires.

'The Premium Bonus System,' replies Jim Bell. 'It's what they call the Rowan scheme. You get a time limit for a job, and if you do it in less time you get part of the time you save.'

'Oh! That's the idea, is it?' exclaims Bert, who has not previously come into contact with the system. 'If I save time on a job I only get a part of it. Who gets the other part? The Boss, I suppose?'

'Well, not quite,' says Jim. 'The remainder of the bonus is shared amongst the foremen, charge-hands, rate-fixers, and chasers.'

'Hm!' sniffs Bert. 'That's not so dusty. We work hard to

save time and money on a job, and best part of what we save goes to the blokes who make us hurry up. What percentage of the time saved do *we* get, Jim ?

'Well, it's rather difficult to explain. As far as I understand it, we get the same proportion of the time we save as the time taken is to the time given . . .'

'Blimy !' interjects Bert. 'That's all Greek to me. I'm a mechanic, not a blooming mathematician.'

'For instance,' continues Jim Bell, patiently, 'if you finish a job in two-thirds of the time given, you will receive in addition to the hourly rate, the value of two-thirds of the time you save, and you will thus earn time and a third.'

'I'm as wise as ever,' declares Bert, thoroughly mystified.

'Supposing sixty hours are allowed for a particular job,' Jim explains, 'and you do it in forty, saving twenty hours. Now forty is two-thirds of sixty, so your share of the time saved would be two-thirds of twenty, that is, thirteen and one-third hours, which is one-third of forty.'

'Gord love a duck !' ejaculates Bert. 'It ain't half a complicated system. Give me good old piecework. One can understand that !'

'The way to work it out,' replies Jim, 'is to multiply the time taken by the time saved and divide by the time given. The result is your bonus.'

'I never was good at figures,' confesses Bert. 'But I suppose they work it out all right in the office.'

'Sometimes,' says Jim, emphatically. 'But you should make a note of every job, the time limit and the time saved. They often make mistakes in the office, and unless you can produce a record, you cannot always recover unpaid bonus. Besides, bonus is not paid until a week after the job is passed !'

Let me assure my readers that the foregoing is neither a figment of the imagination nor journalese. It is a statement of fact and a correct description of a complex system of payment by results operating in many shops. A brief survey of the growth and development of the premium bonus system may not be uninteresting.

Such people as weavers, spinners, cloth-workers, tailors, furriers, shoemakers, brushmakers, and farriers, have always been paid according to the amount of work done. This is partly due to the fact that they formerly carried on their crafts in their homes—many do at the present time—where the absence of any method of

supervision or time checking, made time payment impossible, or, as happens with farriers, factory methods are impracticable, and partly because the market price of the commodities produced by these men had to bear some relation to the cost of production, and payment by results was the simplest method of arriving at that cost. Carpenters, joiners, bricklayers, masons, plumbers, plasterers, engineers, and agricultural labourers were paid by the day or week (payment by the hour does not appear to have been adopted until the beginning of the nineteenth century), and the artisan class have always bitterly opposed payments by results. To this day, building workers have resisted piecework, which may be because the machine has not greatly menaced their crafts; and, owing to the variable nature of the work, fixing piece prices is difficult.

In the engineering industry payment by time was the predominant method of remunerating labour until the latter part of last century, although piecework had crept into some shops. But the rise of what is often referred to as the second industrial revolution, caused by the swift expansion of transportation due to the birth of the locomotive—which helped to consolidate local markets into a national market—the rapid increase of raw material, and, above all, the omnipotent machine, standardisation of parts and simplification of operations, and the resultant necessity for large-scale mass production, gave rise to problems of management, particularly that of supervising and co-ordinating the work of men whose craftsmanship was being menaced, and who were no longer in daily personal contact with the employer. Obviously something had to be done to give the workers an added incentive to adapt themselves to the new methods of manufacture. In the 1880's, Mr. F. W. Taylor, the world-famed originator of Scientific Management, devised a scheme known as the Differential Piece-rate Plan, the principle of which lay in the adjustment of reward to output. This appears to be the first attempt to regulate payment by results in the engineering industry, and to base prices on careful time and movement studies. Hitherto the fixing of piece prices had been largely a matter of guesswork. For a high output a high piece-rate was given, which was sacrificed if the work failed to reach a pre-determined standard of quality, quantity or accuracy. This plan does not appear to have met with much success, and the industry potted along with plain piecework in some shops, and daywork in others.

Then Mr. H. L. Gant, who was closely associated with Mr.

Taylor in Scientific Management schemes, introduced a Task With Bonus Plan which, as far as one can gather, was the first time 'bonus' was mentioned in connection with a scheme of payment by results. Although originally designed to be a preliminary system when conditions were not ripe for the Taylor Differential Piece-rate Plan, it eventually established itself as a distinct system. This complicated plan guaranteed the normal day-rate, and, in addition, for the achievement of any special task under all its conditions, paid a bonus in the form of a percentage of the day-rate, such percentage varying with the nature of the work and the demands made upon the mental and physical resources of the workman. For average conditions, an addition of 40 per cent was given, but where severe bodily exertion was entailed, a further 10 or 20 per cent was added. Where delicate and expensive machinery was used, the bonus was sometimes as high as 100 per cent. Mr. Gant's system did not find favour with British employers, probably because of its complexities.

In 1890, Mr. F. A. Halsey introduced, in America and Canada, what appears to be the first *Premium Bonus System*. This scheme substituted a time limit for a piece price and allowed the man 33 per cent of the time saved. Several British firms adopted the principle of premium bonus, but whilst some kept to the Halsey plan of giving one-third of the time saved to the workman, others varied it to suit themselves. Then came the Rowan scheme which has already been described. It is interesting to note in passing that Lord Passfield (then Mr. Sidney Webb) and Mr. G. N. Barnes (then general secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers) enthusiastically supported the Rowan scheme, which is so complicated that the former was led to make the error of saying, 'The Rowan scheme will give of the time saved a constant diminishing fraction, so that even if a workman saves nine-tenths of the time allowed, he can never do more than double his earnings.' As a matter of fact, under this premium bonus plan, a workman cannot possibly double his earnings. If he saved 99 per cent of the time given he would receive only 99 per cent above his day-rate.

Many firms have their own schemes of payment by results, such as the Co-operative Production Plan in operation at Messrs. Priestman Bros., Ltd., Hull, and the Fellowship Bonus Scheme at Messrs Baker, Perkins, Ltd., London.

All these systems are concerned only with wages as distinct from management, but the Bedaux plan of 'labour measurement'

seeks to combine the principles of scientific management and industrial psychology, with a method of wage payment by results. It is based upon the principle that all human effort may be measured in terms of a common unit, called a 'B,' such unit being a fraction of a minute of work plus a fraction of a minute of rest, always aggregating unity, but varying in proportions according to the nature of the strain. In one extreme case it may be one-third of a minute work and two-thirds rest, and in another case nine-tenths of work and one-tenth rest.

Task No. 1 might have a cycle of time of 1.2 seconds and be of such a nature as to require 150 per cent allowance for relaxation. Then the effort value of the task equals .95 'Bs.' Task No. 2 might have a cycle of time of 4 minutes and be of such a character as to need only 30 per cent allowance for rest. The effort value of that task would be 5.2 'Bs.'

The method of wage payment is a basic hourly rate, fixed in relation to requirements of skill, experience, and responsibility. In return for this basic rate a definite amount of work is expected, namely, sixty 'Bs.' an hour, which must be exceeded in order to earn bonus: and from the bonus thus earned, 25 per cent is deducted for distribution amongst the indirect workers. To give a simplified example.

Value of output in 47 hours, 91.9 'Bs.' per hour	4,230 'Bs.'
Normal week's work, 47 hours, 60 'Bs.' per hour	2,820 'Bs.'
Balance	1,410 'Bs.'
Less 25 per cent.	352.5 'Bs.'
	<u>1,057.5 'Bs.'</u>

The 1,057 'Bs.' are termed premium 'Bs.' and a calculation on their relation to the normal week's work indicates earnings of about one-third above the day-rate. Imagine the average workman trying to ascertain how many premium 'Bs.' he would be paid for at the week-end! Methinks he would call those elusive 'Bs.' something which could not be easily mistaken for a unit of human effort. Needless to add, trouble invariably follows the introduction of this remarkable scheme.

These multifarious bonus schemes perplex the minds of the men and deepen the mystery of the pay envelope. The Bert Browns, whose minds are seldom capable of grasping arithmetical

details, rely wholly on the office staff to compute their bonus earnings. As a result, they are not only ignorant of how much money they will find in the pay envelope, but they often lose bonus they are entitled to because, owing to an oversight, the job has not been put through, and the man, having failed to keep a record, is unable to enter a claim for it. Indeed, he has no means of knowing what bonus he is entitled to receive.

I have made myself familiar with the details of all bonus schemes, and have always kept a record of every job, but although I knew to a penny what I had earned on each job, I was never sure of the contents of the pay envelope. In one shop, for example, it was the practice to pay bonus of jobs completed by Wednesday night on the following Friday week, always supposing the work had passed the eagle eye of the work examiner. The man might be too busy to examine your work until after Wednesday evening, or, having a complex against a man, he might push the job on one side and 'forget' all about it. Not knowing these circumstances, one might look forward, after completing a big job, to a fat pay envelope, only to be bitterly disappointed by receiving a very thin one because the job had not gone through. In this shop, the foreman brought the bonus slips round to us at about half-past four on Friday afternoon. And then the fun would commence. Dirty grimy note-books would be consulted to check amounts. Growls would be heard on all sides, and badinage freely passed between the chaps.

'What have you got to come this week, George?'

'Only a quid, the lousy lot of blighters. I should have at least a couple of pounds. There's those shafts, and that gear-wheel job, and those sprockets. I suppose that miserable old soul of a Sam hasn't viewed 'em yet. How much have you got, Harry?'

'Fifty bob!'

'You're all right, then. I suppose you'll take the missus to the pictures to-night, eh?'

'Perhaps!' replies Harry, laughingly.

Meanwhile Jerry Driscoll, with a stub of pencil, an old envelope and a furrowed brow, is trying to work out his bonus.

'I don't know,' he says at last, calling down the curse of Cain on the entire managerial staff. 'It's all blooming well wrong. I reckon I ought to have another twenty-two bob. They're only paying me twelve bob on that steering-arm job I did the other week, and I ought to have sixteen shillings to come. And two jobs

have not been put through! May their rabbits die! And I was going to buy myself a pair of boots this week. Suppose I'll have to wait till next week, now.'

'Never mind, Jerry,' sympathises Frank Farmer, whose face is wreathed in smiles because he has had fifteen shillings more than he expected credited to him, 'you can always draw a bit out of the bank!'

'Draw a bit out of the bank!' replies Jerry viciously. 'Fat lot of chance *we* have of putting money in the bank!'

Next morning there would be a queue of sulky men outside the bonus office complaining about short pay—rarely did anyone grumble about having too much . . . !

In fairness to the employers it must be stated that they will listen to all complaints, clerks being in attendance at specific times for the purpose, and mistakes are always rectified. Should a man leave the employ of a firm with bonus to his credit, the money will be sent to him in due course. I recall receiving, through the post, several balances on bonus jobs, one in particular arrived some weeks after I had ceased working for the firm in question and, strangely enough, I had no record of the job . . . !

It is by no means unusual for men to find more in the pay envelope than they expected. One boss I worked for was very fond of putting five, ten, fifteen or twenty shillings in the envelope of men who, he thought, had worked well on a job which returned a good profit. When his attention was drawn to the extra pay he invariably laughed and said, 'That's all right, Tom. That's just a little bit of bonus for you. Now don't go and spend it in beer. Take it home to the wife.'

Some years ago I worked for a firm, the staff of which made innumerable mistakes week after week, over a period of about three months. The principals had sublet the factory, plant and labour to another company, in consequence of which we would be working for one firm part of the week, and the rest of the time for the other concern. We had to keep a time sheet stating the jobs we were engaged on, the time they took, and who they were for: and at the end of the week we received two pay envelopes. What a fearful muddle the office staff made of things! One Friday a man was presented with two envelopes each containing a full week's wage. In a neighbouring pub he told his shopmates what had happened and solicited their advice as to what **course** he should pursue. He was strongly advised to say nothing about

it, and to spend some of it in that which cheers and oft-times inebriates, but the man, fearing the consequences of subsequent discovery, declared his intention of returning the surplus to the office. His mates, primarily with the object of 'pulling his leg,' threatened him with dire physical punishment if he did anything of the sort. The discussion went on for some hours what time the glasses were frequently filled and the language became lurid and heated, until all had reached that state so happily described by Jack London in *John Barleycorn*, as a pleasant jingle, and the man was persuaded to keep his mouth shut about the extra pay. The principal reason for his arriving at that decision was not the urge of honesty—he had made such serious inroads in the cash that it was practically impossible for him to return it—that week, at any rate.

Every pay night we adjourned to the pub to compare pay envelopes and rarely did it happen that nobody was overpaid. One man, I remember, received several shillings extra for three consecutive weeks. Another, who had one shilling and tenpence to draw from one firm, was paid one pound and tenpence! Obviously the pay clerk had got mixed up with the cash columns. Invariably some of us had too much, and never was it returned . . . ! But it came to an end at last. One young fellow reported one week that he was seven shillings and sixpence on the right side, and of course he was advised to stick to it. Next morning, however, the foreman requested me to tell young Ralph (shall we call him) that if he did not return that seven shillings and sixpence at once, he would be discharged. Mistakes were extremely rare after that.

Travelling from shop to shop one experiences many different methods of distributing the pay envelopes, but there is one factor common to every shop I have worked in, whether it be a big factory with thousands of employees, or a small entrepreneur with a mere handful of men, and that is that general excitement prevails on pay day. We begin to talk about it on Monday morning.

'It's a long week!' exclaims Jack during the morning, apropos of nothing.

'It is indeed,' responds George.

'Never mind,' says Leonard. 'It'll soon be Friday . . . !'

'It's Wednesday to-day!' says Walter boisterously, as soon as he enters the shop on 'Woden's day.' 'When you wake up to-morrow morning you can say to-morrow's Friday.'

The fateful morning finds most men in a good humour—expect-

ant. Should anyone display ill temper because a job will not go right, or because he has a 'short week' to come, he will be greeted with, 'Shut up, you miserable old blighter. It's pay day to-day . . .'

The real excitement begins after the midday meal hour. Just watch them as they pick up the tools to start work. It is not difficult to gauge their thoughts. Those who are happily singing or whistling have reason to expect an extra pound or so. The puckered brows of others denote anxiety as to whether bonus earned on certain jobs will be forthcoming; maybe they are wondering whether there will be sufficient in the envelope to meet expenses. Note-books will be repeatedly consulted—Bill will be seen chalking figures on the lathe bed. With a preoccupied air George will be trying to mentally sum up the probable contents of that bag of mystery. A few will assume a nonchalant mien. As the afternoon wears on the excitement increases, reaching the peak about fifteen minutes before the hooter goes. It may be that most of us have a subconscious feeling of elation because we are being recompensed for services rendered: possibly acquisitiveness accounts for the excitement, but in all probability it is due to the fact that the majority of workmen are dependent upon the current wage to carry them over the ensuing week, and the uncertainty of the amount sets them wondering.

In big firms the practice is to pay wages immediately after the usual knocking-off time. Several pay stations are set up, each man going to the station indicated on his card. Being human, and having already received their salaries, the pay clerks want to get away, so they begin to pay out as soon as the buzzer stops. The men are paid in rotation and relegated to the end of the queue if they miss their turn. Little work is done during the last few minutes—all are busy preparing for a mad rush when the bell rings. There is really no need to rush, everybody is paid within ten minutes. But who likes missing his turn . . . on pay day?

We were not always paid with such celerity. In the old days when Saturday was the customary pay day, and we worked till one o'clock, we had to wait for our wages. Even in big firms, it was five or ten minutes past one before they started to pay out, and we were lucky to get away in half an hour. It was much worse in the small shops. Oft-times the clerk had not started to make up the wages when we presented ourselves at the office at one o'clock, and it was not unusual to be kept hanging around for more than an hour!

Envelopes were not used much in those days, we generally received our cash in a round tin, pails being placed near the gate in which we flung the tins when empty. There is at least one London firm I know of where the old tins are still in use, and paying wages at this firm is quite a ritual. At precisely fifteen minutes to six on Friday evening, the foreman, glancing up at the clock, leaves the shop, whereupon everybody stops work.

'He's gone for the blinking "dibs,"' says Bert.

'About time, too,' responds Alf. 'He was a couple of minutes late to-day. Thought he'd forgotten all about it.'

At ten minutes to six the foreman returns, ostentatiously carrying a tray containing the pay tins. All quickly converge on the office trying to secure first place in the queue. Carefully placing the tray on the table and checking the number of tins, the foreman turns and faces the eager line. Now, he knows every man and boy perfectly well, both by name and number, but he ceremoniously asks each in turn for their number. Taking the tin with that number from the tray, he removes the lid, carefully counts the cash, and hands it to the recipient. This curious procedure was always a source of merriment to me, and my amusement was in no way lessened by the knowledge that, many years previously, an employee declared that he was a pound short in his pay, and the management never traced the lost money. The foremen received instructions to count the money in future before paying the men, and it is done to this day.

In many of the small shops it is often a struggle to meet the weekly wage bill. I remember one employer who spent the whole of Friday morning on the phone, beating up creditors for cheques and more often than not he had to chase round in his car during the lunch hour trying to rake in sufficient to pay us out. On two occasions to my knowledge, the good offices of the principal shareholder saved a very awkward situation. We all knew this of course, and although we were sometimes a bit anxious towards the pay hour, we took it more or less philosophically, indulging in the time honoured game of 'leg-pulling.'

There was one chap, however, who always worked himself into a state approaching panic if the rumour went round the shop that the firm's finance was in a bad way. We teased him unmercifully. One Friday we started on him just before dinner-time. I believe I set the ball rolling by telling him 'confidentially'—I was in charge at the time—that the head clerk had told me that things

were in a parlous condition, and that unless a considerable sum of money was collected, there was little likelihood of us getting paid. Although Harry accused me of lying, the gag worked all right. During the afternoon others told him a similar story, and by four o'clock he had thoroughly got the wind up. In a loud and strident voice he told all and sundry that *he* was not going home without *his* wages. There'd be a sanguinary row if there was no pay envelope for *him*! Poor old Harry! The sweat poured off his bald head, his very narrowly set eyes blazed with wrath, and his grimy hands seemed to itch to get round somebody's throat . . . ! He was not appeased until he had the pay envelope in his hand.

Yes, the average worker's pay envelope is invariably a bag of mystery, and, in my judgment, it is by no means a bad thing that it is so. That there is something radically wrong with a system of society which cannot find useful work for its citizens, and which carries extreme wealth at one end of the scale and dire poverty and distress at the other, cannot be disputed. That every able-bodied person should have opportunities of employment at reasonable remuneration, is admitted by all. Payment for holidays and when sick should be an established principle throughout industry—it is a matter of elementary justice. But I often think that to have a fixed salary, and to know that it will never vary except in the case of an increment, may be frightfully monotonous. One is apt to acquire regular habits, and to order one's life in accordance with the immutable contents of the pay envelope.

With all its uncertainties—maybe because of those uncertainties—there is something attractive about the irregular 'screw.' True, it may have an irritating tendency to contract, but the ever-present possibilities of expansion will help to compensate for that tendency.

OSCAR WILDE AT AFTERNOON TEA.

BY PROFESSOR A. H. COOPER-PRICHARD.

NOTE.

THE foregoing is literally true *verbatim et literatim*, in that the dialogue is a question of reminiscence; but, as might readily be supposed, it did not take place either at one and the same time, or even always at the same place. To run it together in a single scene and relate it as though it occurred on one single occasion has seemed to me the easiest way to handle this material without that pedantry which Oscar Wilde so utterly abhorred. Obviously the real names of the personages who took part in these amalgamated conversations have not been given, with the exceptions of Wilde and William Morris; and, although, where they are still living, they will undoubtedly recognise themselves, it can hardly be said in giving these speeches publicity, except in the case of my late grandmother ('the Hostess'), my aunts and myself, I am guilty of an indiscretion.

SCENE.—*A Drawing-room in South Kensington.*

TIME.—*The early nineties, the hour of afternoon tea.*

Characters and stage settings immaterial.

Enter OSCAR WILDE.

HOSTESS. How do you do, Oscar?

OSCAR WILDE. Very well, thank you, Mrs. B——. What are you reading?

HOSTESS. Your own latest novel, Oscar.

OSCAR WILDE. Oh, I shouldn't do that!

HOSTESS. Why not?

OSCAR WILDE. Because it will give people the impression you are an idle woman, which you are not at all.

HOSTESS. Do you consider it idleness to read your own novels?

OSCAR WILDE. Oh, I never do that!

HOSTESS. Of course not! But do you really mean to say in all sincerity, that you consider it idleness for other people to do so?

OSCAR WILDE. Undoubtedly, but I am not responsible for what other people do.

AN AUNT (*of the writer's, maiden daughter of uncertain age of the HOSTESS; quizzically*). Well, if it be *idleness* to read them, how much more it must be to *write* them.

OSCAR WILDE. For my part, I'm never so busy as when I'm thoroughly idle.

MYSELF. Generally it's the other way about, people are never so idle as when busy—about trifles.

OSCAR WILDE. Oh, Hal, what a deplorably light way to speak of my literary productions!

PERT CHILD. Mr. Wilde, you think yourself very witty, don't you?

OSCAR WILDE. No, my dear, but other people seem to do so. What are you studying at school?

CHILD. Goggraphy and . . .

OSCAR WILDE. Well, what is the longitude and latitude of Pert-priggery?

CHILD. There's no such place.

OSCAR WILDE. Then where do the people who belong there come from—in particular the children?

CHILD. They don't come from nowhere.

OSCAR WILDE. Then how do they get here?

CHILD. There aren't any here.

OSCAR WILDE. 'Any'? No, but there certainly is *one*.

CHILD. I don't see one.

OSCAR WILDE. Of course not, you're not looking in the glass.

CHILD. 'In the glass?'

OSCAR WILDE. Yes, there's where you'll find them, when more than one of you is looking there.

CHILD. Do you mean 'Alice Through-the-Looking-Glass'? But, if they come here, where do they *go to* afterwards?

OSCAR WILDE. To grow up into insufferable bores, if they're not well looked to.

CHILD. What are 'bores'?

OSCAR WILDE. Nine people out of ten, and ninety-nine children out of a hundred.

CHILD. I thought bores were pigs.

OSCAR WILDE. Well, at least pigs are not bores. Don't you know it's unkind to speak ill of poor dumb animals?

MOTHER OF CHILD. Mrs. B——, would you be so kind as to ring for Margaret's nurse? I fear she is *de trop*.

CHILD. What is '*de trop*'?

OSCAR WILDE. To stay where you are when you're wanted to be somewhere else.

Enter NURSE.

Exeunt with CHILD.

OSCAR WILDE. What beautiful flowers you're wearing, Lady Flamboyant! Did they come out of your ancestral garden?

LADY FLAMBOYANT (*nouvelle riche*). Oh dear no! they're *hot-house* flowers.

OSCAR WILDE. I *love* hot-house flowers. They're so deliriously expensive!

MYSELF. But they haven't the sweet scent of those from the fields.

OSCAR WILDE. Hal, you cannot have everything *for money*.

MYSELF. Money's an awful bore!

OSCAR WILDE (*in surprise*). Hal, I heartily congratulate you! (*Sadly.*) The *boring* part I've always found is the being without it.

MYSELF. You know what I mean, Oscar.

OSCAR WILDE. How can I be expected to, when you don't yourself?

AN AUNT OF MINE. Hal means that 'money is the root of all evils.'

OSCAR WILDE (*with a surreptitious glance at LADY FLAMBOYANT*). Unfortunately, it often is also their *flower*.

LORD LISPE (*lisp*). Have you seen anything of Whistler, Wilde, lately?

OSCAR WILDE. Thank you, my uncle is quite well.

LORD LISPE. I wasn't asking after your uncle. I was asking about Whistler.

OSCAR WILDE. Oh, I beg your pardon! I thought you were trying to be original at the expense of my uncle who wears whiskers.

LADY POPPINGHAM. Mr. Wilde, don't you sometimes get tired of saying witty things?

OSCAR WILDE. Oh, *very* often!

LADY POPPINGHAM. Ah?

MYSELF. Oscar means when he hears them repeated by half London for the next six months.

A HARLEY STREET BACTERIOLOGIST (*taking an hour's recreation in frivolity*). At all events, that's *not a very common* complaint.

OSCAR WILDE. To what particular germ, Doctor, would you attribute it?

BACTERIOLOGIST. The *populus ineptus*, I presume.

OSCAR WILDE. Doctor, your talents are wasted among the disease germs. You should have been on the staff of *Punch*.

LADY WYNDEBAGG. I think it dreadful to be a bacteriologist. Studying about all those germs must make one wonder that human beings exist at all.

OSCAR WILDE. Oh, it is not at all necessary to be a bacteriologist to do that!

AN AUNT OF MINE (*religiously inclined*). But surely saving people's lives is far better than merely making them laugh.

OSCAR WILDE. I fear I can't quite agree with you.

AUNT. Human life——

OSCAR WILDE. Without laughter is too awful to contemplate.

AUNT. Yet *you* never laugh, Oscar.

MYSELF. No, he's too busy making other people do so.

A LIBERAL M.P. (*his party at the moment being in power*). Wilde, what have you to say about the Government?

OSCAR WILDE. Absolutely nothing at all! 'We salute, but we do not speak.'

LADY POPPINGHAM. That's what Voltaire said about religion, is it not?

OSCAR WILDE. Yes, but the difference is that *he* didn't mean it, and *I* do.

M.P. Don't you approve of our present cabinet?

OSCAR WILDE. I don't *need* to, they approve so highly of themselves.

M.P. Well, we stand for liberty, and that is more——

OSCAR WILDE. Liberty is the right to do as you please and to prevent other people from doing it.

M.P. We stand also for *progress*.

OSCAR WILDE. But it's not 'progress' but *evolution* which we *really* need.

M.P. There have never been so many *young* men in power before.

OSCAR WILDE. I see! youth being unable to govern itself is called upon to govern the nation. You are logical, at least.

M.P. Oh, you're a regular anarchist ! The mere fact of the existence of governments amongst mankind proves their necessity.

OSCAR WILDE. On the contrary, in human affairs the mere existence of a thing proves incontrovertibly that it should never have been.

M.P. Oh come now ! You must admit, we could not get on without a government of some sort.

OSCAR WILDE. You speak of course as a politician ! Without wishing to be personal, I can quite understand that the absence of a government would be the means of throwing a host of incompetent people out of very pleasant employment.

M.P. You are hard upon us, Wilde ; but you must admit our *intention* to reduce the taxes.

OSCAR WILDE. Entirely so ; but that has been the intention of every British Government I ever remember having heard of. What would really be quite refreshingly original would be if, instead of *intending*, the Government should give us the rousing surprise of actually *doing it*. But John Bull is so fond of hearing himself called rich that he will stand anything in that way ; and the back of the British taxpayer is as high as a giraffe's head, as long as a whale's body, as broad as a hippopotamus's back and as deep as the unfathomable ocean. It is the only gold-mine absolutely inexhaustible. It is a creature defying all classification. When weighted down under a burthen which no other being known to Science would for a moment even think of tolerating, it emits a kind of grunting noise ; but the application of a modicum of soft soap to its ears and nostrils renders it at once thoroughly docile and obedient. As to the remarkable construction of its back, this latter is so broad that it stretches away to *Eternity*.

AN AUNT. Oh come, let us be patriotic !

OSCAR WILDE. 'Let us sing unto the Lord a new song !' and let that song be that to-day the World has become altogether too wide for mere Patriotism, which, after all, now is only the virtue of small minds.

WILLIAM MORRIS. I think you are right there, Wilde ; it is now more the question of the claims of the working-classes.

OSCAR WILDE. And those may be very well covered by the formula : More wages and less work. Give them those conditions, and in constantly increasing doses, and the rest of the community with *their* possible 'claims' may 'go hang' as far as they themselves are concerned. That is what the working classes mean by

'government'; and one of these fine days we shall all wake up to realise it, when it be too late to change matters; and, when that day comes, it will hardly be possible to describe it as 'a millennium' for the rest of us.

WILLIAM MORRIS. You don't appear to have a very high esteem for the working man, Wilde.

OSCAR WILDE. The working man in the present day is a savage corrupted by a civilisation which he has imperfectly assimilated.

WILLIAM MORRIS. Well, you must admit there is something wrong with a society which sends a pickpocket to prison and makes a capitalist a baronet.

OSCAR WILDE. Apparently it is only possible for one-half of mankind—whether the smaller or the greater—to be happy through the misery of the other half. The proper enemy of mankind is man; and the principal difference between your pickpocket and the millionaire is that the pickpocket has been such an ass as to be found out, and the other, by the very constitution of society itself in our days, obviously *cannot* be. In the case you quote, it is all a matter of misdirected energies, of misapplied abilities.

WILLIAM MORRIS. There is something in what you say. The pickpocket should have been taught a trade.

OSCAR WILDE. And so have been put on the road to become a capitalist and a baronet, quite so! but *personally* I prefer him as a pickpocket. The great trouble with gentlemen of their kind is that, like gamblers on the Stock Exchanges, they are in too great a hurry to achieve wealth; but, granted those premises as common to mankind, one must allow that their procedure is strictly logical, as well as direct, and not more underhand than many other ways of getting rich speedily.

WILLIAM MORRIS. Unfortunately their logic lands them in gaol.

OSCAR WILDE. Yes, there is nothing in this world so dangerous as being wholly logical. You may possibly recollect the celebrated case of Don Quixote.

HOSTESS. Then, Oscar, from what you have said, are we to infer that you disapprove of *all* forms of government whatsoever?

OSCAR WILDE. The only sensible thing ever said in favour of government is that it is better than anarchy—at its worst.

M.P. *Government* 'at its worst'?

OSCAR WILDE. No, *anarchy*.

AN AUNT. What we really need is a strong man at the head of affairs. 'A man of the hour' in short.

OSCAR WILDE. The difficulty there is what to do with such a man when the hour is past.

AUNT. Of course *you* are a republican!

OSCAR WILDE. The only difference between a monarchy and a republic nowadays is that the monarchy puts the head of a living man on its postage stamps and the republic those of dead ones.

M.P. The trouble with republics is that they aim at reducing mankind to one dead level.

OSCAR WILDE. Yes, they seem to forget that the state was made for man, and not man for the state; besides, where there is too much freedom, there never is enough of it.

HOSTESS. Then, Oscar, you would conclude——

OSCAR WILDE. That, under no circumstances, human nature being what it is, should we take any kind of government *too* seriously. But, to turn to something really vital for a change—dear Mrs. B——, I really *must* be going. Hal, won't you come with me for a walk down the High Street or Piccadilly, and help me buy something I don't in the least need?

KIRIBOKO.

BY JOHN HORNE.

DIANKHE, King of Bambouk, squatted in the darkest corner of the great hut that was his palace. Save for a loin-cloth and a straw hat bedecked with a pink ribbon, he was naked, and the faint light from the doorway caught the beads of sweat that rolled in blueish rivulets down his ebony back. Beside him lay a heap of clothes, trousers and coat and a pair of shoes, uncomfortable things he loved and hated as kings love and hate all ceremonial adornments—with the exception of the straw hat. That he loved without reserve, because it was the only agreeable sign of a civilisation pressed so strongly upon him from all sides, and in that form he liked civilisation. Besides, pink—if its shade were crude enough—appealed to him, and he had therefore forbidden his people to wear it under pain of severe punishment. That was his royal right, and he had learned that even among white people there were things that some might do with impunity while others might not.

Yes, Diankhe was certainly becoming civilised. One day he would be a worthy child of the Republic, the highest French authorities had assured him, though the process seemed incomprehensible and at times even unpleasant. This very day had been an example. At the demand of the Resident he had gone to Bamako in full regal splendour of store-bought clothes and French decoration, surrounded by chiefs holding in turn the royal umbrella over his head, while drums beat and slaves waved handkerchiefs to keep away the flies. The court had tried his case, with what result? Even with the Legion of Honour on his coat, judgment had been given against him, and worse still, he had been forced to make compensation—to *pay* for what he had done. On the tumbled heap of clothes the enamel of the Legion Cross gleamed pale in the darkness, and its ribbon looked like a spot of fresh blood. With a frown Diankhe turned the coat over. Ever since the moment when the Governor of Senegal had solemnly pinned that Cross on his breast he had treasured it as a charm potent beyond all other charms, and now . . . in his hour of need . . . of what use was a thing that could not protect him from shameful happenings? He gave a grunt of anger, and the sweat on his back rolled faster.

Yet his case was simple enough. Marahu, the latest addition to his already numerous wives, had given birth to a girl and not a boy as her family had sworn would be the case. True, they had pleaded in excuse that 'Mbiam, god of terror, had become angry in spite of their prayers and sacrifices; but that was their affair, and in confiscating their land and flocks and taking their young people as slaves, had he not shown truly royal forbearance? In the days of his father things would have been otherwise. Then there would have been sacrifice worthy to turn away the wrath of the gods, and not merely blood of goats and hens while the real offenders survived ignominiously. But these days were gone, and now he, Diankhe, was becoming a child of the great country beyond the sea, where human sacrifice was no longer the fashion. Father Nesson, the missionary at Bamako, had often told him of that strange fact, and he believed Father Nesson, who spoke his language and understood the ways of his people. Yet what save human sacrifice could meet the present insult and avert worse to come? Had not the government—the same government that had given him a worthless charm—condemned him to-day not only to return all he had taken, but to humiliate himself by giving presents to these accursed people? His father's spirit would certainly haunt his threshold if such a thing remained unavenged.

He rose slowly, kicked the pile of clothes further into the corner, and strode out of the hut. Under a great awkonnor tree several women were busily engaged in pounding coia meal, while they chattered like monkeys when the rains are near. With endearing hip movements they ran towards Diankhe, but he made a sign that their attentions were unnecessary and turned towards the forest, where he knew that Oumar Samba the witch-doctor had gone to the holy waters of 'Mbiam. Oumar was very old and very cunning. He would find a way—Diankhe's eyes reddened at the thought—to wipe out the insult worthily.

At first the path led between giant trees with gnarled and twisted branches, creeper twined and fragrant with festoons of sweet orchids. Here and there juju shrines stood at the foot of the trunks, and Diankhe regarded their phallic form thoughtfully, as if questioning its power. The white men were certainly strong, and had wonderful ways of enforcing their will, but surely the gods of his ancestors were stronger. Oumar Samba would find a way. Was he not a diviner of the Idiong, that dread sect that alone possessed the greatest of all curses, the word that could wither

crops and send pestilence and death to whole families? A shiver of terror ran through his body as he left the path and penetrated into dense jungle, where only the faintest marks showed that men had passed there before him. Suddenly he stopped and stood motionless, listening intently. Something was tearing its way through the undergrowth, and he knew that the sound was not that of an animal, nor yet of a naked human body. Forgetful, for once, of his beloved hat, he waited in the green twilight till the wall of dank foliage ripped apart and a man appeared. He was a white man of middle age, somewhat stout and ungainly in his stained khaki clothes, but with a kindly face and small eyes that seemed only half open. Yet this man saw more than most, and at once his gaze turned towards Diankhe and remained fixed with twinkling humour upon the pink ribbon of the royal 'boater.'

'Mon Dieu!' he muttered in French, wiping the sweat from his face. 'What desecration. . . .' Then, speaking fluent Bam-bouk, 'You save my life, Diankhe. I was almost lost. The track is invisible . . . and the thorns . . .'

Diankhe did not move, though he well knew this Frenchman, who on several occasions had spent many months among his people, studying their ways and their language till they had come to regard him as a friend. To-day his heart was filled with hatred of white men, and he had no greeting for any of them.

'What do you seek in the forest?' he asked simply.

Pierre Matignon hesitated. He was seldom at a loss, but something in the abruptness of the question—so unlike the usual native circumspection—made him feel ill at ease . . . especially now.

'The forest is my playground, Diankhe,' he replied at last, with an effort to regain his self-composure; 'you know how often I wander through it seeking knowledge.'

'Yes, there is knowledge, M'su Matignon,' said Diankhe, his eyes on those of the Frenchman, 'but this ground is sacred.'

Pierre Matignon fumbled with his sun helmet. 'I know,' he said. 'I know and respect your customs, my friend. Alone I would not have come. Oumar Samba brought me.'

'Oumar Samba!'

'Yes, where the holy waters of 'Mbiam lie hidden. Many years I have hoped . . .'

'You saw the pool?'

'Only from afar. Oumar would not let me approach, though he made clear much that was hidden from me.'

Diankhe moved out of the shadow. His breast heaved and glistened, and his hands twitched at the end of his long arms. 'In other days,' he said, 'a white man would have died for standing even where you stand. Now we do not kill the white man, but we hate your race. Why should you wish to see what is for us alone?'

Pierre Matignon shrugged his shoulders. Evidently the king was angry, but he did not suspect . . .

'Hate my race!' he exclaimed. 'And I counted on your friendship, O Diankhe! I only seek to learn the ways of your people—to know your beliefs—to gain knowledge as you should gain knowledge of ours. Why do you hate us? Has not our country helped you in many ways? Have you not the Legion of Honour—reserved for those who alone are worthy?'

'That gri-gri!' burst out Diankhe. 'How has it helped me? Only to-day it brought insult from the judge at Bamako—to me—a king . . .!'

Pierre Matignon lifted a hand in protest. 'I already know about that, and I am sorry for you. But you did wrong, very wrong—you, a great man who are becoming civilised. The Legion of Honour is no gri-gri to cover wrong-doing. Such is not our custom. My speech is not the missionaries' speech, Diankhe, but surely you know that gri-gris and fetishes and jujus are only for the ignorant—and you are not ignorant.'

'My gods can bring sickness and death to whom they hate,' cried Diankhe, 'if the sacrifice is great enough.'

The Frenchman smiled. He was from the south and loved a joke. 'Ours can too,' he said, 'and they do sometimes, only they won't take a goat with yams and plantains as a bribe. Hear me, Diankhe. Your need is to travel—to know the great France that protects you. Come and see for yourself if we are good or bad. Perhaps the government might even pay the journey for you, and you would learn many things. To-night I leave for the coast. Come to Paris—you will find me there—and then tell me if you still believe in juju and curses. Adieu, O King.'

'How interesting it all is,' he thought, as he reached the broader path with its row of phallic shrines—'how enthralling. And I told him there was nothing in their mystic rites and secret societies and totems. Well, I wonder. Sometimes one would be almost inclined to believe . . . anyhow, it's all at my fingers' ends now. What a book it will make . . . years of study . . . but worth it. And at last I've got the one thing wanting, the knowledge I sought

most of all. To think I am the only white man who knows! Mon Dieu! If Diankhe had suspected . . . a grave in the forest . . . *ouf!*—one has to risk something.'

For a time Diankhe stood with puckered brows watching the green wall of jungle where the Frenchman had disappeared. His teeth gleamed between thick lips, drawn back in a rigid smile like the chops of a wild animal about to devour. Few had seen him thus, and they died before the smile had left his face. His eyes stared vacantly, but the brain behind them was not blank. In its primitive way it was thinking and hating very deeply; thinking of words it could not understand, 'civilised,' 'worthy,' 'Paris,' (could it be even bigger than Dakar?); hating, but with more comprehension, every symbol of the white race that praised one day and punished the next. To cross the great black water and be at their mercy, to die perhaps in a strange land with no slaves to robe his body and seat it on the death-throne, no wooden bells to drive away the evil spirits—doubtless that was what they wanted, but he would not go. The steamy forest was his own. He would stay there—as his father had stayed.

At last, moving almost without a sound, he continued his way through the tangled branches that just before had crashed in the opposite direction. Once it seemed as if his lithe body would be unable to force a passage, but at the same moment the faint sound of falling water struck upon his ear, and with a final effort he emerged into an open glade beyond which the ground fell suddenly in a steep slope to something that glittered silver and black—the magic waters of 'Mbiam.

Diankhe stopped. Further than this not even he dared go, for, save to its priest, the pool was forbidden. He looked around. Nobody was to be seen. In the undergrowth at the edge of the slope lay a ring of broken cooking-pots, relic of sacrifice, with the cold ashes of a fire in its midst.

'Oumar!' he cried, 'Oumar Samba!' . . . but only a great lizard with spikes on its head wriggled out of one of the pots and took to flight.

'Oumar!' he called again; and then a figure rose from the hollow and came towards him. Its thin black body, smudged with patches of white, crouched with head swinging at every step, as if about to spring. The face, seared and furrowed like burnt parchment, seemed to have left age behind, and held only a look

of unutterable evil. High priest of 'Mbiam—sorcerer of the Idiong—witch-doctor of Bambouk—Oumar Samba was hideous to behold.

At the sight of Diankhe he raised his right hand and spoke in a sort of chant. 'Your coming is good, O King. 'Mbiam is angry. The black and bitter waters stirred when no wind blew. There must be sacrifice, O King—great sacrifice . . .' He paused, and went on with strange rhythm in the words. ' . . . 'Mbiam is angry . . . blood of men must redden the black water . . .'

'There shall be blood,' broke in Diankhe, 'to avenge the insult put upon me to-day, and avert the wrath of 'Mbiam. But I ask for something more—that only Oumar Samba can give—the curse that will follow my enemy for ever, and shrivel and kill . . .'

'The enemy's name,' droned the sing-song voice that seemed to cut the sodden air.

Diankhe shivered. Dared he invoke the power that had never yet spared a victim, against one who had been a friend? But was he a friend—the man who laughed at his beliefs, scorned the magic pool of 'Mbiam, scorned its high priest? Was that friendship? No, this white man was his enemy—the enemy of his race. . . .

'Let M'su Matinon die under the great curse,' he muttered.

At the name Oumar's body stiffened and seemed to shrink. Flakes of white fell from his shoulders.

'I will not do it,' he snarled. 'Do we not know him for our friend? Do we not know the fashion of his dealings?'

In Diankhe's brain hatred and doubt grew and mingled. Why should the witch-doctor oppose him thus? 'He mocks our gods,' he insisted . . . 'only the curse can reach him.'

'It shall not be,' repeated Oumar sullenly. 'Thus spoke 'Mbiam, god of terror, as I stood alone by the waters.'

Alone! Now Diankhe's fear of the place—of its high priest—vanished. The Frenchman's words, forgotten for the moment, flashed to his memory. He had been here . . . with Oumar . . .

'Alone?' he asked, moving nearer.

Oumar's eyelids flickered slightly. 'Who should be with me? Is not the pool taboo? Even where we stand . . .'

'You lie!' cried Diankhe. 'M'su Matinon . . . he was with you. On the way I met him.'

Oumar made no sign, but he guessed where the danger lay. How much did Diankhe know?

'The Frenchman?' he exclaimed. 'Does he not often roam the forest?'

'You lie!' shouted Diankhe. 'With you he saw the pool and learned many things. What secrets have you told him?'

In his rage he seized the sorcerer and shook him as one shakes a child, shouting the while in fury that seemed endless till something made him cease abruptly and grow silent, his eyes fixed upon the ground. Three pieces of paper had fluttered from Oumar's loincloth—pieces of paper he recognised. There was no mistaking banknotes of a hundred francs; civilisation had taught him that much. For a second both men watched them without moving, but Diankhe's brain had awakened to full activity, and he knew that from this feared witch-doctor—this most powerful priest of his gods—the foreigner had bought knowledge that could not be gained otherwise. Here at his feet lay the price, but what treachery had earned it?

He bent down, but not quickly enough. With a sudden jerk Oumar had grabbed the notes and sprung back.

'A juju that cannot fail,' he cried, dancing up and down with arms aloft. 'They will bring power—even more power—and they are mine!'

Diankhe laughed bitterly. He knew this money and its power. With great strides he pursued the witch-doctor down the slope. Taboo . . . desecration of 'Mbiam . . . what mattered beliefs that could be bought? The Frenchman had mocked with reason, and Oumar must die for his treachery—while doubt grew in the heart of the killer.

'Back!' croaked the writhing figure. 'Back! . . . Beware the anger of the god!'

But the god's anger no longer held terror for Diankhe. His mind had become an impenetrable barrier, save for one thing, the lust to kill the traitor to his beliefs. With a savage grunt he threw himself once more upon Oumar. His fingers closed about the skinny throat, and together they wrestled nearer and nearer to the brink, till the deep cup-like pool lay almost beneath them at the bottom of its precipitous banks. On the further side the wall was sheer rock, and down it splashed a tiny stream, gleaming like silver till it merged in the black mirror below—still and deadly—waiting . . . Nearer and nearer they struggled in silence till all at once, as if aware that some greater power were working here, Diankhe loosed his hold and fell on his knees—waiting too for fate to overtake him.

'The curse . . .' he panted.

Before him Oumar's shrunken body was undergoing a change,

growing and towering threateningly, like an evil spirit that roams the jungle. His stifled fear broke out anew, fear of the ancient things, fear of the god whose sanctuary he had violated, of its priest he dared not kill. The witch-doctor's eyes were closed, and through his foaming lips came the chanting voice.

'Now the curse be upon *you*, O Diankhe, the curse of 'Mbiam that none but his priest may hear and live. Kiriboko shall seek you out . . . *Kiriboko* that knows no mercy . . . *Kiriboko* . . . **KIRIBOKO** . . .'

Again and again the awful word rang out, ever louder, ever more strident, cleaving among the branches. Then, cracking like a whip, the rotten moss-covered bank gave way, and with a cry of terror Oumar flung out his arms and fell backwards into the water, while the curse of death echoed still. Diankhe watched without moving as the distorted face rose to the surface. He knew what must happen. The eyes fixed themselves upon him; the mouth opened. '**KIRIBOKO**' it gulped. Now something was beside the struggling body—something that moved quickly and made the water swirl where it passed. For an instant great jaws pointed upward as the loathsome crocodile that was 'Mbiam claimed its offering, and with a last piercing scream Oumar disappeared. Swiftly red wavelets chased each other to the bank till the centre of the pool lay still once more; and on it three pieces of paper floated like ghost flowers in the twilight.

The Marseilles-Paris express thundered its way northward through the clear June night. Pierre Matignon sat in a corner of the dining-car. He raised the blind and watched the dim landscape fly past, thinking how good it was to be back in France. Each return—and there had been many—seemed like an escape, this one especially. He turned as a cheery voice hailed him.

'Well, this is a bit of luck! Where have you been all these months, old man? Primeval jungle again?'

Pierre dropped the blind. 'Not exactly primeval,' he began, but Berville interrupted him.

'One moment. Wait till Lorey comes. He's quarrelling with the sleeping-car man, as usual. When the battle is over, we'll make a night of it and swallow your adventures—with the help of Veuve Cliquot—before the reporters get them.'

To Pierre any relief from the monotony of the journey was welcome. Both Berville and Lorey were old friends, though their

ways lay in different spheres from his. He sometimes smiled at the difference, for Berville ranked among the kings of theatrical production, and Lorey owned more restaurants than anyone in Europe. Alone he would have thought only of Africa; now he could talk about it, and other things as well, for these men had brains and wit to enliven any subject. So dinner passed like the crashing prelude that hides its real motif till the last bars, and it was only when the clatter of plates had died down and the other tables were empty that Berville leaned across to Lorey.

'Now for State secrets,' he whispered, 'postprandial secrets! Native dances and giant orchids were all very well in that row, but we want something more thrilling, don't we?'

'I'll bet he's got a *pièce de résistance* up his sleeve,' replied Lorey knowingly. 'Come on, Pierre! Have you bought a kingdom and turned Mohammedan? What is it this time?'

Pierre smiled. 'They weren't Mohammedans where I was. You'll have to try again.'

'Cannibals then. They must have some sort of religion.'

'Oh shut up, Lorey!' cried Berville. 'Eating your aunt isn't a religion—even if she *has* left you out of her will. But tell us, Pierre, what do your primitive savages believe? I mean, what do they worship?'

Pierre reflected for a moment. 'They have a religion,' he said in a more serious tone, 'with numbers of gods and spirits, great and small, good and evil. Familiar objects such as trees and rocks are supposed to be their dwelling-place, and . . . I know of one case where it is a pool of water. They have secret societies that are hotbeds of magic, with fearsome rites and immense power. Sometimes they even use human sacrifice, but it is difficult to get information.'

'We have that sort of thing in Europe,' commented Berville, 'minus human sacrifice, of course.'

Pierre shook his head. 'Not with such power. In Bambouk, for instance, some of the witch-doctors really do seem able to cast spells—or make jujus, as they call it. You'll read all about that in my book.'

But the others were not to be put off. 'No, no,' they protested, 'tell us now. Have you learned how to cast a spell?'

Pierre ignored the question. 'You may scoff,' he continued thoughtfully, 'but there is more in it than most people imagine. I've discovered strange things—things that don't bear explanation.'

'It's all hypnotism, of course,' declared Berville.

'You can't shrivel up one particular man's crops by hypnotism, came the quiet reply, 'nor kill a particular herd of cattle. Yet that is what happens—if the juju is strong enough.'

Even Lorey seemed impressed. 'Worse than the *gettatura* in Sicily,' he remarked, pointing his first and little fingers with the others drawn up. Pierre nodded approvingly. He had mounted his high horse, and felt that his audience was becoming interested.

'That is mere child's play,' he said with growing excitement. 'Now the Idiong priests have a curse that will cause a man to die—without physical rhyme or reason—however far away he may be.'

'Then I'll join their regiment in the next war,' Lorey announced. 'What's the procedure?'

Pierre felt a thrill of triumph at the simple question. To think that at last he held the closely guarded secret—that he alone could give it to the world of science. The scene in the forest rose in his memory. He recalled the risk he had run—the subtle bargaining that had ended in success—and then that last day at Dakar, with its sensation of lurking danger. In Africa his nerves got all on edge, but it was the same with everybody. Well, Africa had seen the last of him for a long time—perhaps for ever—and in France an African witch-doctor's curse would become just one more specimen in the collector's bottle. He turned to Lorey with a smile.

'Procedure? Surprisingly simple, I can assure you. It's just one word—known only to the priests of the Idiong sect. They believe it to be unfailing.'

'Did you find out the word?' asked Berville.

Pierre threw out his arms with a triumphant gesture. 'Ah, my friend,' he exclaimed, 'you have hit the bull's eye! That word was the sole object of my journey, the one link missing in my chain of knowledge—and now I have it. In my book you will read . . .'

'But your book won't be out for months. Surely you don't want your best friends to suffer agonies of suspense, after whetting their imagination like this? Come on, you old witch-doctor, give us your unfailing curse and we'll test it in France for you.'

There was a moment's silence, and when Pierre spoke it was with some hesitation. 'I don't mind telling you,' he said, 'but you must promise to keep the secret till my book appears, when it will become public property. Is that a bargain? Good . . . the word is *Kiriboko*.'

His voice had dropped to a whisper. Berville looked at him curiously. '*Kiriboko*,' he echoed. 'It doesn't sound very terrible.'

'We'll drink to its health, anyhow,' said Lorey. 'See if that bell works.' But Pierre stopped him. 'I'd rather not, if you don't mind. It may seem absurd, but I can't bring myself to jest about the thing. It's too close.'

Lorey took his arm. 'Nervous of black magic, eh? Well, *Kiriboko* can't chase you over here right in the middle of France, can it? Hurry up and get your book published, while Berville and I have a series of brain waves. In the meantime we'll turn in and dream of jungles and curses.'

Four months later the same train deposited Diankhe, King of Bambouk, on the platform of the Gare de Lyon. For a moment he stood watching the mass of drab humanity that seethed among the smoke and grime. The October morning was chilly, and he drew his robes more closely round him. They were numerous, having been added to day by day since he left Dakar, yet he shivered. Paris was so cold and strange, so unlike what Father Nesson and the Resident had told him. His attention to their carefully chosen remarks had surprised them, and both concluded that he was on the high road to civilisation, though they ignored what drove him along it. So the journey had been welcomed with official warmth. According to the Resident, nothing was so politically efficacious as a visit to Paris. Montmartre had a way of rendering African kings tractable that the Ministry of Colonies could never imitate, and it might be counted upon to return a docile majesty. For his part, Father Nesson, while admitting political utility, hoped for purer results. Montmartre was hardly recommendable from the religious point of view, but did not a stronghold of the Church crown its summit? A black convert from the 'Butte' would be a triumph.

Little did they dream that the curse of Oumar Samba was the real driving power. Ever since that evening by the pool of 'Mbiam, it seemed to Diankhe to have loaded him with disaster. How otherwise did whole herds of his cattle die so mysteriously? Why should two of his wives give birth to twins—an evil portent—and perish in consequence? For a whole week he had writhed in the throes of fever, and to crown all, Oumar's successor had dared to murmur the fatal word in his ear during the ritual dance of installation. How could he escape from such magic? The white men? At heart his hatred of them was as great as ever, but this civilisation they vaunted as the cure for everything—this belief that Father Nesson declared to be stronger than any juju—this France where everyone was safe from attack by hidden enemies—might there not be some-

thing in it after all ? For weeks he had hesitated, but it was useless. Only flight could stifle his fear, and now he stood under the dim arch of the Gare de Lyon, a fugitive on the threshold of sanctuary.

As the car bore him through the traffic the past dwindled and vanished, and Paris began to cast her spell as surely as any jungle magician. In her vast cauldron of noise and movement one more human being was about to lose himself—till she had finished with him. Diankhe glanced wonderingly at the interpreter sent by the government to meet him, a flabby coast Senegalese, who spoke halting Bambouk and wore European clothes of exaggerated elegance. Perhaps he would be like that one day, with the addition, of course, of his straw hat and its pink ribbon. At the thought a sense of safety came to him ; already he was foundering without a struggle. The interpreter proposed a walk on the boulevard, but Diankhe had caught sight of something from the window of the hotel and refused to move. Opposite, a house was being rebuilt, its lower part shrouded by an immense hoarding, while giant cranes lifted steel girders to the sky before depositing them somewhere out of sight. Once a man mounted into space, waving his hand gaily to the passers-by, and Diankhe held his breath till he had vanished into the same invisible world as the girders. Then his eyes strayed to the hoarding. On it was painted an immense picture of a jungle village with many huts ranged against a sea of vividly green palms. In the centre a crowd of brown figures, hideously masked and clothed in grass kilts, danced round a gigantic idol, and a negress—to all intents and purposes naked—posed lasciviously in the foreground. Diankhe gazed in amazement. Here in the middle of Paris were his jungle, his village, his tribal dancers—though certainly such a woman had never been seen in Bambouk. What could it mean ? Perhaps the government wished to please him, to make him feel at home. That was good, but—the woman . . . ? He turned to the interpreter, who reclined on the sofa, deep in *La Vie Parisienne*.

‘Why is this picture here ?’ he asked.

Raising himself upon one elbow, that product of civilisation peered out of the window. ‘Picture ? Oh, that ! Very fine show . . . all dancing and singing, just the same as in Senegal. Lots of women—white women, too—like these.’ And he held up the paper, which had been bought with an eye to the royal education. ‘To-night we go there. Monsieur Berville has kept a special place for the King of Bambouk. He arranged it all, he and Monsieur Matignon.’

'M'sieu Matinon knows my country,' said Diankhe slowly. 'I wish to see him.'

The interpreter smiled. To the shepherd of African potentates Diankhe's tone of command sounded very childlike, but that would change soon enough.

'To-night you will see him,' he replied. 'He has promised to be there, to make all things clear to his friend Diankhe. Also he asks the king to wear his royal robes.'

For a moment Diankhe did not reply. He felt gratified, though somehow the sight of the picture had saddened him. They wanted his royal robes. Even in this strange Paris he was a king—king of a distant jungle, where people danced round idols—and for him Paris had made a picture of his jungle, and the people of Paris would dance as his people danced.

'Let them prepare my robes,' he said at last.

A load worthy of the African sun was carried that night to the Casino de Paris. Diankhe, resplendent in orange and gold, and with the Legion of Honour on his breast, imparted warmth even to the simple white of his two awestruck attendants, and completely eclipsed the interpreter's immaculate dinner-jacket. In such guise Paris could not fail to notice her new guest and welcome him in her own fashion. 'Regardez le roi nègre! Bravo le roi nègre!' cried people on the boulevard, and a taxi-driver shouted to the embarrassed chauffeur, 'Go home! Carnival hasn't begun yet!' But to Diankhe it *was* Carnival, an undreamed-of medley of light and sound that held him spellbound. Of light especially. The twinkling multi-coloured signs, growing bit by bit out of the darkness, only to vanish in an instant, fascinated him. How could such wonders be?

At the corner of the Rue Blanche a great ladder rose from the pavement to the sky, with letters of red and green and yellow that danced and trembled continuously.

'What does it mean?' asked Diankhe.

The interpreter smiled. Diankhe's success had made him feel rather out of it, but now he could assert himself once more. 'That is the biggest electric sign in Paris,' he explained condescendingly. 'It has many colours with the name of what we are going to see. Look how they change. *Kiriboko . . . Kiriboko . . . Kiri . . .*'

A hoarse cry from Diankhe drowned the rest. With eyeballs rolling and lips drawn back, he turned upon the Senegalese.

'It is false . . . It cannot be . . .'

'But all Paris talks of it,' insisted the little man with a frightened glance at the twitching face thrust close to his. 'Do not be angry, O King. I only told what you asked.' He is mad, he thought, and Paris makes him more mad.

But Diankhe's anger was past, and he sank back in silence, shivering anew with the fear he thought to have left in the jungle of Bambouk. And now it was here—in the lights that flickered—in the mouth of the man beside him. It was here before him, here where he had thought to escape it, and the curse of Gumar had become the curse of the white men as well. The white men! How could this power be theirs? How could they know? Yet . . . there was one . . . one only . . . who had bought knowledge from Oumar . . . who called himself his friend. The forest flashed to his mind—the forest of the picture—the sacred pool . . . Then he had doubted. Now . . . 'I want M'sieu Matinon,' he muttered.

The car stopped, and he found himself passing through crowds that parted to make way. Across the street windows blazed with light. The famous Restaurant Lorey, with its '*Diners Kiriboko. Vraie cuisine Bambouk,*' was drawing half Paris to its tables. Diankhe saw without understanding, but his ears could hear. '*Kiriboko! Paroles et musique!*' shouted a voice at his elbow. A woman screamed at him, '*Bonjour, mon petit Kiriboko!*' and the crowd laughed and chattered the word mockingly, like monkeys in the tree-tops. On he stumbled, into the vast darkened theatre where people passed like shadows and the air throbbed with the beat of invisible tom-toms. '*Kiriboko*' they seemed to say . . . *Ki-ri-bo-ko* . . .

Berville leaned against a pillar and watched Diankhe sitting motionless in the central box he had reserved for him. The headlines would be good to-morrow. '*Bambouk King sees Kiriboko.*' '*African Monarch finds Africa in Paris.*' Not that it mattered, for success was already assured, but Diankhe was an artistic advertisement that pleased him. He had worked hard at this production—for gain, of course—but there was the patriotic point of view as well, to show Paris what her African colonies were really like—to stimulate public interest. How Pierre Matignon had helped. Without him a thousand details would have been hopelessly wrong. True, he hadn't liked the name, but what significance could an African curse have in Paris? It was absurd. Besides, Pierre's book was out, and anybody could read about *Kiriboko*. What a

fine fellow Diankhe was, in those wonderful robes, with his two attendants squatting on the steps. A fine animal—all muscle and no brain—fortunately.

‘Fortunately what?’ questioned someone behind him. He looked round. ‘Ah, it’s you, Pierre. Did I say that last word aloud? A bad habit. I was watching your black king over there, thinking how fortunate it is that we have the superior brain power. If such creatures could *think* as we do, where would we be?’

‘I wonder. *You* seem to be pondering pretty deeply to-night, and I expect the big scene will make Diankhe think a bit, in spite of your poor opinion of his brain. How I wish you hadn’t called the thing *Kiriboko*.’

‘Why not? Nobody knows what it means—nobody that matters.’

‘No, nobody that matters. All the same . . . I don’t feel happy about it somehow. Well, I must go to my protégé. He’s been clamouring for me.’

As Pierre entered the box, the curtain rose on the big scene of the revue, the native village of the hoarding. Never had a picture been more wonderfully presented. Everything was true to life, save that the dusky villagers hailed from America, a matter of no importance as they imitated their African cousins admirably. In a surge of tapping drums and quavering reed pipes, they filled the stage. Their excitement was so genuine, that as the pace quickened it flashed across the footlights, making people move restlessly in their seats. Paris had found a new sensation and was taking it to her heart, and already African tom-toms reigned supreme in a hundred night-clubs, while tired men and women danced without respite.

At the sight of Pierre, Diankhe’s eyes lit up, but he did not smile. ‘Greeting,’ he exclaimed in his grunting monotone. ‘You have come, and it is good. Are you not my friend?’

Pierre looked at him keenly. The face showed no emotion, but there was something unwonted in the voice—a sinister calmness that made him feel ill at ease. It was too stupid—in the middle of Paris. . . . With an effort he mastered himself.

‘From friend to friend, greeting,’ he replied in Bambouk. ‘And see, O King, your village is also here to greet you. Is that not great magic—the white man’s magic?’

Diankhe was silent. It was magic indeed, but not only of the white man. Somewhere in the crowd that swayed round the idol,

somewhere in the shrill notes of the pipes, lurked the sinister shadow of Oumar Samba. Suddenly the lights on the stage went out, and a voice rose in the darkness. *Kiriboko*, it wailed, *Ki-ri-bo-ko* . . . Another voice took up the chant, and yet another, till it grew into a torrent of sound as the great idol gradually reappeared in a halo of red that trickled like blood upon the welter of bodies beneath it. *Ki-ri-bo-ko*, they chanted in frantic monotony, *Ki-ri-bo-ko*

... It was an amazing climax. No wonder the audience rocked and stamped in unison. No wonder people turned to gaze expectantly at the orange and gold figure in the central box. But Diankhe neither rocked nor stamped. In that moment he simply returned to what he had been, a primitive man of the jungle, a child of fetishes and ghosts, of juju and terror. He realised now that there was no escape. Here in this place where he had hoped for refuge, were not a hundred voices shouting his doom? *Kiriboko* had sought him out. It would claim him here as surely as in the steamy forest of his ancestors, but first one other must pay the price of treachery—as Oumar had paid.

Springing to his feet he towered over Pierre. 'That word—what does it mean? Tell me—my friend . . .'

'Diankhe! Be calm—the word means nothing.'

'Nothing? . . . to pursue, even here . . . to carry death. . . Who brought it? Tell me . . .'

Pierre gulped with sudden fear. So Diankhe *knew*. 'You are mad,' he faltered. 'How can *Kiriboko* harm you here? In Paris there is no juju . . .'

Now Diankhe smiled, lips drawn back, teeth gleaming—the smile of the killer. 'Aie! You who called yourself my friend—from Oumar you bought the curse—that death might await me, even beyond the great waters. Aie! The death sacrifice shall be worthy of my gods!'

'Diankhe . . .'

It all happened in an instant. Stripped of its robes the ebony torso of a naked savage gleamed in the darkness. There were cries for help—a rush towards the box—pandemonium round the struggling figures, but already the curved prongs of the royal dagger had struck and struck again, seeking blind vengeance for the old beliefs, for the far-away totems and witchcraft and fetishes and magic of an African forest. Slowly the curtains drew together, hiding the stage from view. The greatest success Paris had ever

known was at an end. *Kiriboko* sank to silence, and as the palm-girt village with its dancers and its painted idol vanished, Diankhe, King of Bambouk, stood erect, facing civilisation—and fate.

The cell where they put him was tiny, all grey and very cold, no place for a king who had just avenged the honour of his gods. The police had found themselves in a quandary, for in Paris a king is still a king—even when he has killed an eminent scientist. However, their enquiries at the Ministry of Colonies aroused no royalist response. Diankhe was an assassin—a nice kettle of fish he had landed them in—anything would do till the morning. So Diankhe sat huddled up on the plank bed of his cell. Not that he cared about the cold, though he had drawn the torn remnants of orange and gold closely round him. He was thinking of other things—figuring it out, so to speak—and the problem was simple. Oumar had sold the secret of 'Mbiam, and had paid for the selling. M'sieu Matinon had bought that secret, and had paid for the buying. And now he, too, must pay, for 'Mbiam was a very great god, and his curse was upon him. He wondered why he had ever tried to escape—why he had ever believed the promises of Father Nesson and the Resident? It was honourable to die in his own country—in his own village—and afterwards to stalk through the forest, higher than the trees, and stand before the huts of his enemies, bringing terror. But here, what manner of death would it be? The white men killed, but not honourably, and there was nothing to remind him of his country, not even the painted village of the picture. He stared at the grey wall opposite. From an opening above the door light spread across it like mist that seemed to grow. Very faintly a sound caught his ear—a drum beat. He listened intently. Not the frenzied tapping of the theatre. That was a tribal dance, but this was different—he had heard it before—many times . . . the death-drum . . .

He closed his eyes, and seemed to see clearer than with them open. The wall was gone, and in its place stood his village, with palms waving lazily and many people moving towards him. Some began digging a great hole on his right hand. Others came close, put robes upon him and propped him up. These were not the robes of last night, but still finer garments. He felt himself slipping forward, but they propped him up again till he could not move. Now the crowd opened to reveal two slaughtered cows, exactly in front of him, while on his right rose the wailing of his

wives. Aie! They were killing them—blood was flowing—blood that would still be warm when their bodies were flung to share his grave. But that was forbidden by government. How, then, could it happen? Surely this was long ago—the dead chief could not be he! The drums were getting louder—sodden thuds—slowly, and there was another sound, the wailing voice of the image that cries. . . . Aie! They were putting the death-mask over his face. . . .

In the cell a slight movement broke the silence, a pressing of Diankhe's huddled limbs against the wall. 'Agbo (I die),' he muttered . . . 'Agbo.'

It was getting light. A policeman came along the passage, opened the door and glanced in.

'Get up, blackie,' he said.

There was no reply, so he advanced to the plank bed and shook Diankhe by the shoulder. 'Come on, now. You've got to . . .'

He stopped suddenly and looked closer. 'Mon Dieu! Here's a fine affair, Michel!'

Another policeman appeared in the doorway. 'What's the matter?'

'The nigger's dead,' said the first policeman. 'Fetch the doctor.'

The other whistled. 'Well, that's the limit! Are you sure?'

'Sure? I know right enough when a nigger's dead. Did my service in Senegal, I did—engaged in the Tirailleurs. Hell's own country.'

'But he was all right last night—not wounded or anything.'

'Niggers don't need to be wounded. They just die when they want to—like that. Perhaps he thought he'd better. Anyhow, he's saved us a lot of trouble.'

The second policeman scratched his head thoughtfully. 'I wonder what the trouble was? The papers said he was the most civilised chief in the Colony; and that poor fellow Matignon was his best friend.'

'Civilised be damned! The papers don't know what they're talking about. You ought to see the people down there, with their wobbly dances and their idols and witch-doctors.'

'Regular *Kiriboko*—what?'

'You've got it,' agreed the first policeman. '*Ki-ri-bo-ko . . .*' And they both laughed.

AUGUSTA'S DIARY.

BY MARGARET BOVILL.

AUGUSTA stared.

She was dressed in black satin with a fine white muslin fichu. A stately cap crowned her head, and had lapels which fell below her shoulders, framing her handsome features and a haughty throat on which a golden locket hung. Her hands were clasped complacently below her bosom.

Her great-grandson and great-granddaughter were at breakfast.

'Damn it,' he said to his sister, 'you've stickied the marmalade spoon.'

'Well, use another, damn it,' she said sweetly.

Augusta had been up all night waiting till the morning came for the maids to draw the heavy curtains, rosy Devonshire maids, clumsy of shape, blue-eyed, smiling. The dining-room was so large that the enormous Early Victorian furniture had ample space. The mahogany chairs with worn red leather seats had been sat on more than a hundred years ago by Augusta's father and mother, her grandparents, her husband, her children, her brothers, and innumerable clergymen.

She was so shocked at her great-granddaughter's language, one could feel her disapproval as she looked out from her oval frame across the hearthrug and the shining mahogany dining-table. Her great-granddaughter was subtly aware of it, and laughed cheerfully.

'My God!' she said, returning the stare, 'whenever I look at that picture I can see the old dear scribbling at her diary.' She was a pretty girl, slender and brown-eyed, incredibly casual, as fragrant as a June rose and as irreverent as a street Arab.

Outside spring gales were bending the cedars of Lebanon on green West-country lawns; the japonica's red blossom peeped through sheltering leaves, forget-me-nots were blue against a grey sky. It was warm in the house. Fires burnt in the immense grates, there were books and arm-chairs, and needlework, and the zest of young lives. Yet the house was not at peace. It felt annoyed when ping-pong balls hit the family portraits in the hall.

It was a square-built mansion, Elizabethan fronted, with the living-rooms upstairs opening on to the garden. Priceless tallboys jostled by mid-Victorian atrocities, withdrew their beauty, green dragon china refused to harmonise with ornamental bowls of no ancestry. The place was ill at ease, out of sympathy with the restless change all round it, like a human being who has outlived the familiar people and things of youth. Augusta's boudoir, which she had sat in a hundred years ago, loved a coloured engraving of Queen Victoria in swelling skirts, full-bosomed, virtuous, prolific, serene in the knowledge of her Creator's approbation. The Prince Consort, gravely and suitably attired, stands just the right distance behind her, watching her hand a big Bible to an Eastern potentate with flashing black eyes, who takes the gift reverently from her on his knees. Behind him Lord Shaftesbury regards the touching scene with an expression of slightly malevolent satisfaction at the potentate's predicament. Underneath are the words the Queen is uttering as she presents the Bible :

'This is the secret of England's glory, England's greatness!'

Above this edifying picture is a flippant sketch of a girl in a short skirt with her feet on the mantelpiece.

Other old houses have stood this sort of bullying and gradually become accustomed to it. It was not until Augusta's diaries were discovered in a locked escritoire beneath the picture of Queen Victoria that one realised who it was that haunted the place, and how tremendously good Augusta was, and how very, very pious and proper. She had lived all her married life in the house—and even died in the library—so she was not going to put up with this sort of thing without a protest.

She is being outraged in her finest feelings now day by day, and her unconscious persecutors are kind, clean-minded young people who would not willingly hurt a fly, even if they do use bad language and speak openly of things their great-grandmother would have blushed even to think of.

As a child Augusta went to a school kept by Mrs. Sherwood, the world-famous authoress of *The Fairchild Family*, and innumerable pious tales which had a tremendous reputation a century ago, both in this country and America. She was born in 1775, and died in 1851 at the age of seventy-six. During her long life she had a variety of experiences, almost unique for a woman in a period when even the shortest journey was something of an

adventure. Her father, the Rev. George Butt, held a rich living at Stanford in Worcestershire, where his children mixed with an aristocratic county society. Thence they went to Kidderminster and were brought in contact with dissenters and tradesmen whose manners were not always to their liking. Later many celebrated people came into Mrs. Sherwood's life. They included Elizabeth Fry, Hannah More, Anna Seward—'The Swan of Lichfield,' Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Valpy of Reading, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, Mr. Edgeworth, the father of the famous Maria, Mr. St. Quinton, who with his wife kept a school at Reading, and was previously a secretary to one of the last ambassadors from the court of Louis XVII, Monsieur Pictet, who had been a secretary to Catherine of Russia, fashionable *émigrés* from the French Revolution, famous divines, rajahs, eminent civil servants, smart Society women, Henry Martyn the Indian missionary, generals, admirals, Mohammedan saints, and Hindu yogis.

Even at an early age, Mrs. Sherwood was a militant Christian, and in her autobiography, written by herself, she tells of a little boy aged four, whose parents were 'infidels' and who one day said to her younger sister Lucy, aged four, that he had his doubts as to the truth of the Christian religion.

"Have you?" Mrs. Sherwood writes, 'said my sister, and she struck him with all her little might, rolled him down on the carpet and beat him with all her strength; whereat I greatly rejoiced, taking care not to interfere.'

Mrs. Sherwood married her cousin, Henry Sherwood, of the 53rd Regiment of Foot, in 1803, when she was twenty-eight and a beauty, and went out with him to an India of Nabobs and suttee, romance, strange happenings, gorgeous trappings, and sudden tragic deaths.

It was much later in life, when her husband was on half-pay and she was nearing fifty, that she opened a small and select school near Worcester for 'young ladies.' 'Terms eighty guineas a year when the young ladies go home for the holidays, and one hundred guineas when they remain with her the whole year.'

During the period 1821 to 1829, the dates between which Augusta's diary was kept, Mrs. Sherwood's religious opinions were perhaps most rigid and severe, although they became much modified later. No doubt it was her insistence on the natural depravity of man which created in the little Augusta her conviction of her own sinfulness. Yet Mrs. Sherwood was a born mother and loved

children. She had had eight of her own and adopted three or four others, spending on them an unwearied devotion. To our modern eyes her creed may appear absurd and narrow, but not so the love she bore her husband, nor his for her. That was a rare romance. She was a woman of few outward endearments, but in her diary she speaks of him as 'my Beloved.' One of the most pathetic stories in her life is an account of how, after the death of two previous babies in India, a Station doctor told the parents that the babe who had just been born to them could not stand the Indian climate. This meant separation between husband and wife, for a voyage to England then took from four to five months. While they were at Calcutta, negotiating for passages for Mrs. Sherwood and the baby, which cost then, by the way, five or six thousand rupees, equivalent to £500, Captain Sherwood broke down and said he could not live without his wife. Thereupon two more doctors were consulted, who thought the baby would be all right, and Captain and Mrs. Sherwood returned to Cawnpore, whence they had come to the coast, happier than mortals are often permitted to be. She seems to have been the stronger soul, and certainly her letters, written in Augusta's diary, show no signs of indecision. Black was black to Mrs. Sherwood, and white was white. She had no half-tones in her moral values.

In spite of the absurd insistence in these letters on her pupils' small misdemeanours, which are treated almost as mortal sins, it is obvious that Augusta loved her. It may not either, judging from Augusta's very pronounced character in after life, have done her any harm to be kept thoroughly in order, and to assimilate, together with Mrs. Sherwood's ultra-piety and the peculiar gentility of the age, her courtesy, industry, and hatred of insincerity.

Augusta wrote in her diary in 1825, at the age of fourteen—on her return by coach after the summer holidays to Mrs. Sherwood's select establishment for 'young ladies' near Worcester:

'We left our happy home at 10 o'clock. We had a Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, Irish people, the first part of the way, and a young gentleman and lady the remainder; he was ill and going to Malvern for his health. God grant that he may recover strength, and be fitted for doing a deal of usefulness. He took a great fancy to y^e kitten, and played with it. We arrived at Worcester about 9, and came here at 10. They were all gone to bed.'

Mrs. Sherwood took, as might be expected in the author of *The Fairchild Family*, a grimly pious interest in all her pupils.

It was her custom to write each of them a 'note' every Sunday, and in these notes she referred to their misdemeanours during the week. They seem to have been devoted to her, although an entry in Augusta's diary four days after her return that term, is a little pathetic :

'Friday, August 12. We still are very happy,'

but a few days later she is troubled :

'We are going this evening to Mrs. Pahly, may I behave well that I may not bring disgrace upon those about me. I gave way to levity at latin this morning and talked with Miss Hay. O grant that I may control myself.'

It was not entirely a feminine household. Various masculine names are mentioned, including that of Mr. Sherwood—who taught the classics and mathematics. Then there was 'little Henry,' one of Mrs. Sherwood's children, whom Augusta dearly loved, and for whose ultimate salvation she spent many hours wrestling in prayer, that he might become 'a truly pious young man.' Mrs. Sherwood was always addressed as Mama by her pupils, and Augusta wrote that she had been talking to them about forms and ceremonies.

'Mama does not think cards are wicked, but foolish and silly, and she wishes us not to play at them. O my God incline my heart to walk in the way of thy commandments. May I be diligent to keep my heart with thy grace. Grant that I may get over my hastiness and ill temper. Last night I quarrell'd with Emily about y^e kitten, and have not been good friends with her since. Give me grace to go and make it up with her, and let me not be of a mischievous spirit.'

Augusta at times shows signs of greediness, and her diary records that

'Mama has forbid any of us to eat any raw apples. I have got one or two in my pocket. O give me strength to give them up, and not eat them, for Mama has forbidden me.'

Augusta resisted the temptation, and the next entry states that *'Nothing particular has happened.'*

A few days later Augusta's conscience troubles her again.

'I went,' she writes, 'with Mama to see Grandpapa and Grand-mama. They were very well. He gave me a handkerchief and

pair of gloves. I divided it with Mary, but I made too much fuss about it. I was very crofs at y^e french class. I have had no parcel from Home, and think it very odd.' [The next day she fell again and was] 'very giddy this morning, and last night was very crofs to Miss Hoskins.'

'Miss' Hoskins was a little girl of thirteen, one of Augusta's schoolfellows, and though they aspired to be elderly saints, sometimes they were quite human children and talked to one another after they had gone to bed—in spite of Mrs. Sherwood's repeated admonitions. In the first of her Sunday notes to Augusta after her return to school she says :

'MY DEAR CHILD,

I am sorry to say that you talk incessantly in your bedroom. I must have this stopped, it is an unholy custom and a very very silly one. I hope my dear child that you will henceforward correct this offense, if you continue to do it I must put you into a room by yourself. Try my dear child, endeavour to resist this evil.'

Eventually, judging by the excruciating piety of Augusta's diaries in later life, she became so good that this world meant little to her, and yet—and I wonder what Mrs. Sherwood would have said—she seems to have been an unconscionable, if unconscious flirt. The numbers of young clergymen and ministers whom she met 'unexpectedly' on her walks, and talked to about the millennium and predestination, was surprising. There was even a married man in 1830, but that was soon put an end to by her mother, and Augusta in due course married very suitably and had seven sons. They were all devoted to her, and used to sit with her on Sunday afternoons when they were grown men, while she read good books aloud to them.

These things were, however, a long way off from the fourteen-year-old maid, in whom healthy original sin was yet not wholly extinct. Mrs. Sherwood used often to tell 'the young ladies' edifying tales in which the moral stuck out at the top. The despairing Augusta, whose reach at that time exceeded her grasp, wrote of one of them, evidently an allegory :

"May I be able to lay hold of the Golden Clue which will lead me from this earthly labyrinth," she prays, and adds delightfully, 'O may my parcel come to-day.'

The parcel arrived next day from Shrewsbury, and also another

one from Grandpapa containing two pheasants and two partridges. They were not an unmixed blessing.

'I thank Thee,' writes Augusta, 'that thou gavest me y^e will [was it perhaps Mrs. Sherwood's will?] to give the partridges away. May poor Mrs. Jones like it, and may it do her good. I have been sick and had a dose.'

Perhaps they kept the pheasants—and perhaps again, too long. Soon afterwards she fell from grace again.

'Oct. 3, 1825. I was crofs to Miss Hoskins last night. I have just wrote to Grandpapa. I did not write it well y^e first time, and have had to do it over again for which I chose to be crofs. I behaved ill to Miss Hay, and did not chose to make it up with her when I was told. O take away this proud spirit, and make me lowly and gentle, O God.'

It would be natural to expect some stern admonition in Mama's note next Sunday. She does not, surprisingly, allude to Augusta's ill temper and 'crofsness.' She is too much obsessed with her horror of talking in bedrooms, to talk about anything else.

'MY DEAR CHILD,

You have,' she writes in a firm clear hand, 'behaved very well this week, the only thing I have to complain of is your talking to Miss Hoskins which you ought my dear child to avoid in your bed room. There is not a more mischievous habit in the world than that of talking in bedrooms. Our last hours ought to be given to God.'

Who was the Miss Page who aroused the following outburst?

'She came, and such tittle-tattle as I never heard. My Henry warned me not to talk to Miss Page. O lovely boy, holy child, may thy feet be kept turned towards Zion. . . . I have told Mama thank God all that Miss Page said to me. My mind feels much relieved.'

What would one not give to know the gossip which so shocked Augusta? It evidently annoyed Mrs. Sherwood too, for she went to see Mrs. Page on the following day whilst the young ladies were having a holiday and were 'very comfortable.' Mrs. Page must have been a human sort of mother, for she lost no time in reprisals. Two days later Augusta writes:

'Mrs. Page has been advising Mama to send poor Henry to school.'

Observe the diabolical skill with which Mrs. Sherwood turned this to account. She had no intention of sending Henry to school, but she made the suggestion a lever to spur Augusta on the strait and narrow way. She wrote in that Sunday's Note :

'MY DEAR CHILD,

Be very careful of what you say to Henry in any way which may lead him to think it is hard for him to learn. He *must* learn, or he can never be a clergyman, and if he does not learn at home, he must very soon go to school, and what a trial that would be to me to part with my dear boy. The only thing I fear in you is that when you are warm and a little angry, you may say some things of this kind, as you always speak what you think.'

Turning the brittle pages of the old diary comes a day when all the world went awry.

'I have given way to my tempers. O help me to strive against them. I have not been y^e child I ought to have been. I have been giddy, foolish, rude, rough, hasty and cross. O help me to strive against all these sins. O give me a gentle manner, and O may I be faithful. May I hide nothing from Mama, and never be rude or ill-tempered.'

About this time are seen the first indications of Augusta's besetting passion for sermons—and the men who preached them. She seems to have been critical even then.

'*Sunday.* Mr. Compton preached a good sermon. O keep him in his duty as minister. O let him be taught of God, may he preach y^e truth boldly to his congregation, and may he win many souls, and at the last day may he receive a crown of glory that *fadeth not away.* Amen and Amen.'

She is very fond of a certain Mrs. Baker.

'O blefs her,' she implores, 'in this life and that which is to come.' [Augusta always had an eye on both worlds.] 'May she be blefsed in her children, may they be trained in y^e way of holiness, and at the last great day may she be able to say, Here God am I, and the children thou hast given me. NOT ONE OF THEM IS LOST. Amen and Amen.'

This time the Sunday Note from Mrs. Sherwood was short and practical :

'MY BELOVED CHILD,

On the whole I have been much pleased with you this week, in one thing tho' I have some fault to find. You are rough in

your manners to your companions, and lose a good deal of time at odd intervals during the day. You should try to work up your odds and ends of time. It is wonderful what these would come to at the end of a week.'

A new month starts and Augusta breathes her hope that

'I may begin it steadily, and O that the messenger of Grace at the end of this month may carry up to Heaven a better report of my actions. May I never allow any wickedness in Henry, but check the small appearance of anything wrong. Amen and Amen.'

The Messenger did not take up the reports Augusta hoped for, for she failed again and was 'ill tempered last night, and this morning I had a pain in my side, which I fear I made too much of.' She was ill tempered again over her Greek, her Latin and her Welsh, and immediately afterwards swift retribution came, and Henry fell ill. 'I hope,' says Augusta, who had dreads that God was using him as a whipping boy, 'whether we are parted now in this world from one another, yet that we may meet together in the next world.'

One feels very sorry for Henry. It is likely that Mrs. Sherwood at his bedside also improved the occasion. But Henry got well, and Augusta made some headway with her many sins.

'MY BELOVED CHILD,

I am rejoiced,' writes Mama, 'to see you so much more composed lately than you have been indeed all this half-year. You have been quite different to what you used to be. Do, my dear child, avoid chattering at night with Miss Hoskins. I am much pleased with your behaviour to Emily.'

Life was just then an orgy of religious fervour. Two pages of the diary are filled with the hymn that 'dear Mama Sherwood's' pupils sang with her every other Sunday. The last verse runs as follows :—

'Wrapt no more in memory's ring,
Scenes of ancient days I sing,
Like music dying on the ear,
Like the last words of parents dear.'

Not long afterwards the whole school, with a few exceptions—of whom perhaps Augusta was one—disgraced themselves. 'Little Alfred' was the cause. He was a relative of Mama's,

and she had gone away to see him as he was sick. He died, and she returned, and the next day wrote a letter to all the young ladies, which they had to copy down. It began abruptly :

‘I have so much to say to all of you in general that I shall not address a note in particular to each, but beg that you will all copy it, for there are few among you who do not so much deserve what I am going to say as the rest, but I leave it to your own consciences to say who they are. Throughout poor Alfred’s illness I am sorry to say that I saw more hardness than I ever witnessed in a set of young females in my life. Till I rebuked your levity your spirits rose in the degree that you heard of the report of the poor child’s suffering. When I came home oppressed with sorrow, and Mr. Sherwood betrayed his strong feelings, I saw nothing but gross levity and affectation among you. But 4 only in all the party ever enquired how the child did, or offered to do anything for him, and with the exception of these four, only two ever looked serious, and they were persons who had never seen him. At the same time every duty was neglected, riot and confusion reigned, and symptoms of actual rebellion appeared in several. To say nothing of the cruelty of this conduct, let us only speak of the indecency. Much as I detest affectation I could almost have wished that you should have endeavoured to seem sorry, rather than behave as you did do, showing less regard and respect than the most casual acquaintance. We will now enquire into the cause of this extraordinary conduct in young women out of pious and respectable homes. I consider it is selfishness, extreme selfishness, which, taking possession of the heart, choques up every feeling which does not immediately touch self. There are some amongst you impossible to draw out of self, who never think of doing or saying anything which has reference to another’s feelings or another’s comfort, who never use any kind of self denial or exertion for another person. When all is going well and smoothly, you may succeed in some degree in concealing your selfishness, you may lead me to suppose you can love others beside yourselves, but when trials come, the deception fails, and the real state of your hearts appear, and it is then found that you are incapable of those generous and disinterested feelings which I had thought you capable of.

But are you always to have hearts like these, utterly without feeling? I hope not, because such hearts will not be found in heaven. Your hearts therefore must be changed before you can enter the kingdom of heaven, and I hope at least you have learnt this truth during our last trial, that the work of grace is not yet begun in many of you, and in order to help your self-knowledge

I shall ask you a few questions to which I hope you will send me written answers.

1. What poor person's bodily wants have been the better for your self-denial during the last year?
 2. For whose sorrows have you shed a tear?
 3. What exertions have you made to placate those persons of whom you pretend to be so fond?
 4. Who has been better in a spiritual or moral way for your example, and who are those you have injured by your evil example and levity?
 5. What single bad habit have you laid aside the last year?
- I am afraid by the answers to those questions you will indeed stand condemned, and I only hope that you will be thereby convinced of your hopeless state without religion.

I am your affectionate Mother,
M. M. SHERWOOD.

Here is a facsimile of the last paragraph of this 'affectionate' epistle to the erring flock:—

*What single bad habit have
you laid aside during the last year
I am afraid by the answers
to these questions you will in-
deed stand condemned & I only
hope that you will be thereby
convinced of your hopeless state
without religion*

*I am your affectionate mother
M M Sherwood*

Perhaps I have written enough to show that a house where Augusta lived and died, which her portrait dominates, and which the piety of the mentor of *The Fairchild Family*, recorded in her own clear hand, pervades, cannot be at peace when modern children smoke and frivol and swear. But I cannot leave the delightful Mrs. Sherwood without transcribing one more of her outbursts against talking after bedtime, and wondering what the sin was, of which I have no more notion than Augusta seems to have had.

'Sunday, Nov. 13, 1825.

MY BELOVED CHILD,

I have reason to think that you have fallen this week into the sin of chattering in your room with Miss Hoskins and being rude to Emily. If Emily, or anyone else is unkind to you, complain to me, but don't defend yourself. When you do so I cannot take your part, even should you have been unkindly used. But my dear child all I require of you is that you should not chatter in your bed room, which is a low vulgar habit, and leads to more sin than you can have a notion of.'

HOURS IN UNDRESS.

II. PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To 'The English Heritage Series,' edited by Lord Lee and Mr. Squire, and introduced with customary grace by Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Mr. Bernard Darwin has contributed a volume on *The English Public School*. It is as easy to read as it was probably difficult to write, and we hesitate on both grounds to hint a doubt as to its place in the series. There is the quite little point that Mr. Baldwin rejoices in his preface at being able for once to 'speak of England without hearing the acidulated suggestion that I should say Britain,' while Mr. Darwin devotes a dozen pages to Almond of Loretto in his 'Sketches of some great Head Masters.' But there is also the bigger question—Is not the English public school, as treated by the author, an appanage rather than a heritage? He says clearly of Dr. Arnold, that when he died in 1842, at the unbelievably early age of forty-seven, 'he had done what Dr. Hawkins of Oriel had prophesied of him, he had "changed the face of education all through the public schools of England," if not in education, technically so called, at any rate in morals and decency'; and, again, of *Tom Brown's School Days*: 'The book is an historic document of importance. It gives us our best means of judging what public schools were like some ninety or more years ago. It is the earliest book which breathes what is called the public school spirit.' Thus, public schools, in the intention of this series, are the heritage of less than a century, and their distribution would seem to be limited to one sex and section of the community. The question of their extension, accordingly, may be submitted without irreverence.

We would approach it through the House of Lords. In that Chamber, just before the recess, Lord Hailsham moved a resolution, which was supported by Lords Warrington of Clyffe, Atkin, Macmillan and Thankerton, and carried unanimously, the effect of which was to enlarge the ideal boundaries of a 'public school.' These words were definitely found not to be 'words of art'; they were to be given their ordinary meaning in whatever context they might occur. *Dux femina facti*. It was a girls' school, one of twenty-five founded and administered by the Girls' Public Day

School Trust, which provided the occasion for the judgment, reversing decisions in the Courts below, and affirming a conclusion of fact by the Income Tax Commissioners. But, apart from the occasion, the judgment was clear: even a girls' school, and even if it contain an element of profit for its preference-shareholders, may be a public school. 'It is a question of degree in every case,' said Lord Macmillan, and 'the question resolves itself into one of fact.'

Now, the words 'Public School' in Mr. Darwin's book, and in the scheme of the editors of the series, are eminently 'words of art.' They might even be termed words of fine art. For his central chapters deal with 'The Public School Spirit,' 'The Public School Type,' 'The Monitorial System,' 'Games' and 'Social Life'; his 'great Head Masters' are Butler, Arnold, Thring, Sanderson, Almond; and he has a delightful chapter on 'Tom Brown.' The enlargement insisted on in the House of Lords, for the specific purpose of determining the meaning of rule 1 (c) of No. vi of Schedule A of the Income Tax of 1918, has no relevance to his survey. He is content with his own aim, in which he achieves distinct success, of cementing, while he explains, the 'no small bond, between two men or between a hundred, that they have been "at the best house of the best school in England."' But future writers on public schools must surely take the new boundaries into account. It does not detract from the merit of Mr. Darwin's book that the share of the 'Public School' in 'the English Heritage' is really a very brief affair. It began some time in the eighteen-thirties, after Arnold went to Rugby, and, except in a technical meaning, which does not correspond either to facts or to common-sense, it ceased in 1930. Mr. Darwin himself admits that

'it is a modern state of things that the average father of a certain social standing should think it part of his obvious and inevitable duty to his son to send him to a public school. A hundred years or so since, the country gentleman thought, as a rule, that the local grammar school was good enough. *A fortiori* the general run of professional and business men thought so' (p. 18).

Nor is it because public schools (within the meaning of this book) provide a better education that the average father of a certain social standing is besieging them to-day. Perhaps the hall-mark of the social standing is sometimes the attraction, but here, and in some kindred aspects, we would echo Mr. Darwin's plea: 'Let us leave a subject which, if unavoidable, is so snobbish and uncomfortable that one writhes in the writing about it' (p. 33).

Far more important is his attempt to discover what is peculiar in the spirit now known as 'public school,' and, presumably, sought by the average father for his son. Mr. Darwin defines it partly by a quotation from an essay on 'The Public Schools and Citizenship' by the Rev. T. L. Papillon, a name always to be mentioned with respect. There we learn that the ex-public schoolboy will have brought away with him

'something beyond all price, a manly, straightforward character, a scorn of lying and meanness, habits of obedience and command, and fearless courage. Thus equipped, he goes out into the world, and bears a man's part subduing the earth, ruling its wild folk, and building up the Empire; doing many things so well that it seems a thousand pities that he was not trained to do them better, and to face the problems of race, creed and government in distant corners of the Empire with a more instructed mind. This type of citizen, however, with all his defects, has done yeoman's service to the Empire; and for much that is best in him our public schools may fairly take credit.'

We might even rate it a little higher, and yet ask—is it enough? For turn to another authority. Mr. (now Sir) Fabian Ware, writing more than thirty years ago, just after the Education Act of 1899, anticipated Mr. Darwin by saying:

'It is the ambition of every English parent, who can afford to furnish his sons with secondary education, to send him to one of the public schools. The average Englishman will tell you, unhesitatingly, that the best of schools is Eton, and that there has never been so great a schoolmaster as Dr. Arnold of Rugby. A belief in the public schools is deeply rooted in the English nation.'

We would not, and we could not, shake this belief. But we would try to stretch it a little. We recall Mr. Darwin's remark that 'secondary schools and national schools are coming more and more to be run on public school lines,' and his admission that the essential quality that distinguishes those institutions 'is part of the national character.' Thereon we might urge a reconsideration of the four groups into which, as Sir F. Ware wrote in 1900, 'the secondary schools of England are properly divided—the great public schools, the local endowed schools (often known as Grammar schools), private schools, and girls' schools.' For circumstances and the House of Lords have conspired to upset this grouping. Girls' schools are no longer in a class apart, ranked as non-public because

of the pupils' sex ; and, as to the distinction between public and private schools, this may have been clear in 1803, when Income Tax legislation began, but ' the conception of a public school,' said Lord Macmillan, ' cannot be stereotyped in accordance with the ideas of more than a century ago.' There were at that date no limited liability companies, and there were few, if any, schools founded or maintained by the community, whether the State or a Local Authority. To-day, said Lord Atkin on the same occasion, ' schools founded or maintained by the community outnumber all others ; public elementary schools and public secondary schools are obviously public schools.' And as to ' the *great* public schools,' if this epithet is to be insisted upon, is there a fifth group of lesser public schools ? and in which group falls a new school such as Stowe ? Lastly, what has become of the country gentlemen of a hundred years ago whose public school spirit had been nurtured for centuries in the local grammar schools of England ?

History, common law, and common-sense—a somewhat rare combination—are all in favour of enlarging the specialists' ' words of art ' to the measure of fact and circumstance, and the conventional view, adopted by Mr. Darwin, of the essential characteristics of a public school—its *differentia*, if not its definition—may be supplemented at this point by the Warden of New College, who has served England as Minister of Education. Speaking in London the other day, Mr. Fisher said that the mere conception of education as a responsibility resting on the State necessarily carries with it certain consequences. One of these is that education becomes increasingly regarded as a training for citizenship ; in other words, ' The Public Schools and Citizenship,' as discussed in Mr. Papillon's essay, are now expanded to include all public schools, in fact as well as in ' art.' For the school or college, went on the ex-Minister, tends to be looked at, not in isolation (as ' the *great* Public School,' or ' the best of schools, Eton '), but in the light of its communal function and in relation to the community at large. So seen, we may make room in the complex for the excluded groups of grammar schools, girls' schools, and even some private schools, and all of them together become, in Mr. Fisher's own phrase, ' part of the social and political machinery of the country as a whole '—public schools fulfilling a public function, and leaving no rough edge to blunt the sensitive style of a writer on their place in the English heritage.

But if all public schools in fact are to continue the tradition inherited in the nineteenth century from the grammar schools, and

stimulated particularly by Dr. Arnold : if the education imparted in such public schools is to be increasingly regarded as a training for citizenship, and is thus to foster in all classes and both sexes the capacity trained hitherto only in boys of a certain social standing, the State and the Local Authorities, on whom the administration of the legacy falls, have likewise to answer a summons. Take Mr. Darwin's select 'great Head Masters.' What is common to his sketches of Butler, Arnold, Thring, Sanderson, and Almond ? (Among Butler's pupils at Shrewsbury, by the way, was the writer's grandfather, Charles Darwin.) Butler 'instituted a system of examinations, at a time when there were few examinations at all, and he moved boys up and down in the school, according to them.' Arnold expressly stipulated, 'when he applied for the head mastership of Rugby, that he should have unfettered liberty in the matter of expelling boys.' Thring 'carried out all he had planned in a comparatively short time, and that, it may almost be said, in the teeth of his own governing body.' Sanderson, in his own words, 'ventured to do something daring : it is most daring to introduce the scientific method of finding out the truth—a dangerous thing—by the process of experiment and research'; and as recently as 1905 he erected a six horse-power reversing engine, designed for a marine engine of 3,500 horse-power, which was the precursor of many others built by the boys. Almond was also 'strongly unconventional,' and laid down his own sumptuary laws, sending his boys 'scampering untended round all the countryside in daring nakedness.' The common factor surely is liberty—freedom from the restraint of inspectors, of external examiners, of governing bodies ; and the five head masters exercising that freedom helped to found, if, indeed, they did not invent, the spirit of the English public school which is now a national possession. Surely the State and the Local Authorities, as governing bodies of the schools which are required to hand on that tradition, have something to learn from these records. Perhaps they could not condone a head-master's institution of new examinations or of none. Perhaps they could not consent to his providing laboratories and workshops out of his own resources. Arnold's licence of expulsion and Almond's taste in clothes might also prove inconvenient. But some degree of release from red-tape, some confidence in and encouragement of independence, some latitude to a head master or head mistress to try experiments, to show initiative and even daring, would seem by the evidence of the past to be a part of the public school tradition,

and to be requisite, accordingly, under the new conditions as under the old. Every governor of schools is aware of the immense and growing burden of correspondence with which the head has to grapple. At certain seasons he or she is snowed under by it, however generous the scale of secretarial assistance. The books to be kept, the forms to be filled up, the returns to be made, and so forth, are bound to destroy the special faculties which are selected as qualifying a head to be called 'great.' We say nothing of the pressure of external examinations on a potentially 'great' head's liking for adventure. We say nothing of the experience of school governors, who find their agenda more and more crowded with the business of education, to the exclusion of pedagogics. We say nothing, again, of their acquaintance with a succession of 'born' teachers, who refuse to apply for a post of head master or head mistress because they love their profession too well. But if the scope for greatness is thus trammelled at the top, how shall they enhance the public school tradition, and extend it triumphantly throughout the schools, public in fact and in law, which have become 'part of the social and political machinery of the country'? 'Great Head Masters' Mr. Darwin calls his big five, and history will acclaim the title; but it is hardly fanciful to say that they founded great public schools because they were private or privileged head masters. A certain privilege of adventure for head masters and head mistresses might multiply indefinitely the number of our great public schools.

It was in contemplation thirty years ago. 'To foster this spirit in our public schools,' wrote Sir Fabian Ware in 1899, 'will be one of the highest and not the least difficult duties of the Board of Education,' then coming into effective being; and Mr. Sidney Webb. (Lord Passfield), writing specifically of *London Education*,¹ declared that

'on the "appointed day" (1st May, 1904) this legal chaos is brought definitely to an end. The cramping limitations and restrictions disappear. Education, *as education*, becomes a function of the local authority—not the education of the poor alone or the education of the craftsmen; not elementary education merely, or technical education, or any other grade or kind of education, but just "education." The new local authority is thus empowered to provide anything and everything that it deems necessary in the way of

¹ 'Including the very efficient . . . schools of the Girls' Public Day School Company and similar bodies, only in form joint-stock companies, and administered with entirely public objects' (p. 110). So Mr. Sidney Webb anticipated twenty-six years ago the decision of the House of Lords last July.

education . . . without restriction of subject or kind or grade ; without limit of amount or cost ; and without distinction of class or race or creed or sex or age. To the London County Council, as the directly elected executive body of the people of London, is given the power and the duty, subject to few conditions and practically no limitations, of equipping London with a complete educational system.'

What a chance for great head teachers ! What would Thring not have given for such wide powers in his governing body, or Sanderson for such wealth of equipment ! And to-day, after the experience of a generation, what a surface of uniformity and what a dearth of peaks !

How odd, for instance, that Tom Brown, selected, as we have seen, by Mr. Darwin as the type of his class, has had no successors. Mr. Darwin is devoted to his saga : ' If there is any book in the world in which I should wish to be examined, this is,' he avows, ' the one ' ; and he deems it permissible to suggest, that, as Dickens is said to have created Christmas, so ' Hughes created that which can also be very tiresome, the public school spirit.' We do not dispute the claim. We do not even boggle at the comparison, though, heritage for heritage, the English Christmas counts more legatees than ' the English Public School ' of this creation. But a minute's curiosity in an hour of undress may be spent on the question, why Tom is so solitary in his eminence. There is ' Young Woodley,' for example, but who can imagine Dr. Arnold confronted with that painful domestic situation ? And the unheroic boys, as over-sexed as they are ill-bred, who populate school-fiction to-day, would be strange company for Brown and East. What is wanted, it seems to us, is a Tom Brown of the bigger public school, which has grown out of, and is outgrowing, the Hughes convention. There is romance enough in the idea of the ' ladder,' built by the nation for the ascent of its scholars from the lowest to the highest rung, to furnish a dozen idylls in the epic of the new Tom Brown. His home in London or the country, his schoolfellows, his schoolmasters, his playing-fields, the contrast of his opening opportunities with the sealed fountains of knowledge before, the social problems and the national solution, and the personal factors in between, the dreaming towers of Oxford in the perspective of huddled streets and narrow means—surely there is a spirit in this life of millions of English youth to-day which can be seized as Hughes seized the moment of Arnold's transformation-scene. Surely there is a public school spirit now in actual process of creation, which only the mass of the

material and its seeming sameness conceal from view. The process is no longer new, but the novelist with vision is still lacking.

Of 'education, *as education*,' it is perhaps invidious to suggest that better proofs have been given by girls' schools than by boys' during the intervening period. For one thing, if the observation be correct, they came fresher to the test. At first, like 'horseless carriages' in the early days of motor-cars, they tended a little to the description of boyless schools. But quickly they developed a character and even a tradition of their own, and the privacy, or privilege, of head mistresses, particularly when they were few in number, was in places partially preserved. They were helped, too, by another cause. Lord Passfield, in the book which we are citing, states 'the historical fact that English public education, unlike that of Scotland or Switzerland, had its origin in rescue work'; and, indeed, it is a gracious sight to see, in the Guildhall at Portsmouth, on a wall hung with the portraits of great admirals, generals, and municipal leaders, a picture of old John Pounds (1766-1839), founder of the Ragged School movement, cobbling shoes with his ragged boys around him. But the girls' public schools, which first assumed and have now vindicated that name, had an origin, if not more humane in conception, at least more directly concerned with education, as education. They began to be dotted in London, in its suburbs, and in the country, during the seventies of last century, when the Board Schools were being forged out of rescue work; and the gifts brought to the School Board for London by the late Lord Sheffield (then Mr. Lyulph Stanley) were brought to the Girls' Public Day Schools by his mother, Lady Stanley of Alderley. Her work, and that of the band of women pioneers associated with her, revived the ideas of the Renaissance, which are still the most precious heritage of public education in Europe.

Mr. Fisher, in his speech already mentioned, makes an interesting point of what Rousseau added to, or altered in, that heritage; and it is a sign of permanence in change and of tradition in our institutions that the statesman who fathered the first Education Act after the Great War should refer to those founders in the past. Radical, even revolutionary, as we deem our advances to be, they are still the expression of thought, sometimes native, sometimes assimilated, which inspired our forebears to active measures. A deep though practical conservatism has directed the course in England of 'educational reform' which gave its title to Sir F. Ware's little book in 1900, and which was very slightly varied in the more con-

siderable volume of *Essays on Educational Reformers*, first published in 1868 by R. H. Quick, of Harrow, Cambridge, and Sedbergh. Then he found that 'all study of this kind is very much impeded by want of books,' and, quoting Seeley's dictum that 'good books are in German,' he added that, 'in the history of Education, not only *good* books but *all* books are in German or some other foreign language.' The foreign rule is not quite so strict to-day; indeed, Quick found things different in 1890, when he partly rewrote his book. But he still said that 'no really satisfactory history of education can be held in one small volume,' and the accelerated pace of reform in the succeeding forty years, stimulated as it was after the war, has left that volume still unwritten. It is rather by accident than by design, and by the fortunate temper of the English mind, that we have observed the aphorism from Froebel chosen by Quick as his motto: 'The duty of each generation is to gather up its inheritance from the past, and thus to save the present, and prepare better things for the future.'

Quite barely, and with many omissions, the following landmarks emerge. Educational authorities, about four hundred years ago, created a public school spirit out of the inheritance of the past. They sought for the present, and ultimately for the future, what Wordsworth was to describe in 1802 as 'manners, virtue, freedom, power'; and precisely as Wordsworth went to Milton as the source of these lapsed possessions, so the reformers of 1500 went to *their* national poets. The Humanists of Italy, starting from Petrarch, could have adopted verse after verse of Wordsworth's patriotic sonnets. They apostrophised Cicero in the terms of Wordsworth's recall of Milton:

'Thou shouldst be living at this hour.'

They appealed to Virgil and Cicero as Wordsworth to Shakespeare and Milton:

'We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.'

But there was a difference, which grew, between the two parts of our parallel. Shakespeare and Milton spoke Wordsworth's language, and to bowdlerise Shakespeare, as was done in 1818, was to emasculate Wordsworth's own England. But Petrarch's countrymen, as he loved to designate 'his own' Virgil and Cicero, used a language from which his Italy was moving rapidly away. Church-

men, scholars and diplomatists used it as a medium of communication between nations of different speech ; Milton wrote Latin poems more intimately than English, and Latin 'tags' were elegances in the House of Commons till a comparatively recent date. But Petrarch's joy in Latin as a living tongue was never afterwards so fresh. His Latin became a dead language, as Chaucer's English is becoming to-day, and as Milton's English may become ; and, of course, it was even less alive in Germany and England than elsewhere, partly because of the course of the Reformation, partly because of the Teuton speech.

All this is commonplace enough, but it has a clear bearing on our topic of education. The Renaissance schoolmasters said in effect : 'Study the ancients in order to be modern. The practice of manners, virtue, freedom, power, must be learned from pagan Rome.' And for a long time all went well. The lost values, as we call them, were restored. The public school spirit was created, and was expressed in courtliness and fame by a long line of English gentlemen (and gentlewomen), of whom Sir Philip Sidney is the type and exemplar. But the flush faded from the sky. To learn a language was not to live a life ; and when pedants made a fetish of what had been a faith, the schoolmasters, trained in that tradition, began to make an end of their means. Their

'Cicero, thou shouldst be living at this hour,'

no longer carried a summons to conduct, but stopped short at exercises in Latin prose. Their 'tongue that Virgil spake' no longer interpreted his message, but stopped short at the scansion of his verse. The language took the place of the life.

'Directly their pupils were old enough for Latin Grammar [writes Quick], the schoolmasters were quite at home ; but till then the children's time seemed to them of small value, and they neither knew nor cared to know how to employ it. If the little ones could learn by heart forms of words which would afterwards "come in useful," the schoolmasters were ready to assist such learning by unsparing application of the rod, but no other learning seemed worthy even of a caning. Absorbed in the world of books, they overlooked the world of nature.'

And what the rod had knocked in, the examination was directed to knock out. The one method, educationally speaking, was as unscientific as the other. 'Manners, virtue, freedom, power' could not be tested by question and answer, but a knowledge of dead languages could ; and, if Latin was dead, Greek was buried, and

the labour of the spade had not been invented. 'Education, as education,' had fallen on dreary days, when Arnold, in Mr. Darwin's expressive phrase, 'tried tentatively and with a great faith to introduce a little French and History.'

Still leaving big *lacunæ*, we observe in the middle of the eighteenth century a new leaven of psychology in education and a dawning respect for the significance of the child's mind, the source of which is traced back to Rousseau. Mr. Fisher, in the speech which we have mentioned, remarked that Rousseau's theories had received a strong impetus from the development of democratic ideas, when the traditional system of education, derived from the feudal age, was found to be unsuited to modern conditions. But more than this is wanted to explain how it is that 'the writings of Rousseau and the results produced by them are among the strongest things in history; especially in matters of education'—we are quoting R. H. Quick,—'it is more than doubtful if . . . Montaigne, . . . Comenius and . . . Locke had half as much influence as this depraved serving-man.' When the Roman dream of the Humanist scholars had faded into the Eton Latin Grammar, and a screen of bookish learning was interposed between nature and the child, Rousseau came, with his eye on the object. 'Commencez donc par mieux étudier vos élèves, car très-assurément vous ne les connaissez point,' he declared to the astonished schoolmasters, whose acquaintance with their pupils had been formed chiefly *à posteriori*. 'Car que leur apprennent-ils enfin?' he asked. 'Des mots, encore des mots, et toujours des mots.' And again: 'L'enfant qui lit ne pense pas, il ne fait que lire; il ne s'instruit pas, il apprend les mots.' And once more: 'Nos premiers maîtres de philosophie sont nos pieds, nos mains, nos yeux. Substituer des livres à tout cela, c'est nous apprendre à nous servir de la raison d'autrui; c'est nous apprendre à beaucoup croire, et à ne jamais rien savoir.' The wheel of the Renaissance had come round full-circle; the virtues cultivated by the Humanists had acquired the vices which they smote, and Rousseau smote them in his turn. 'Mesurez, comptez, pesez, comparez,' he enjoined: 'mon intention n'est pas tant qu'il sache imiter les objets que les connaître'; and if ever there was any meaning in the story about Waterloo and the playing-fields of Eton, it reposes on Rousseau's perception, that 'the lessons boys get from one another in the playground are a hundred times more valuable than the lessons learnt in class.'

He overdid it, of course. A lonely thinker, without practical experience, mixing his educational theories with all kinds of extra-

vagant musings, he was not likely to keep bounds. Yet his *Émile*, in Lord Morley's phrase, 'is one of the seminal books in the history of literature. It admitted floods of light and air into tightly-closed nurseries and schoolrooms'; and if the history of educational theory in the short century between Rousseau and Arnold must remain a *lacuna* in this narrative, it is clear that the five head masters whom Mr. Darwin selects for their formative influence on public schools reformed them, partly, at least, in the spirit of Rousseau.

There are those who think that the pace has been too fast, and that stability in scholarship cannot be acquired in floods of light and air. They hold that even examinations, considered as a corrective to self-expression, may be more useful than they seem. Growing wild is not the same as growing, whether in a mind or in a plant, and Rousseau's comparison of the teacher to a gardener should not mean that guidance and even discipline are not parts of education. The story is told of a child from a garden-school, who was so tired of following his own will that he begged to be submitted to the old-fashioned methods, at one time summarised by *Punch*: 'See what Tommy is doing, and tell him not to!' Within the scope of this reaction from the School of Liberty, as it is called, there is even room for doubt as to the final wisdom of the appropriation of the funds now available for bursaries and scholarships. The old metaphor of a ladder, implying an effort at climbing, and an ascending scale of steep and narrow rungs, would seem to be changed to-day to the likeness of a bridge with a broad and shallow approach, and with a surface as near as possible to the fabled street paved with gold. The mind of the noblest savage might be spoiled by such conditions. Let us be on our guard, accordingly. Rousseau's *Émile*, it will be remembered, started from the false premise: 'Tout est bien, sortant des mains de l'Auteur des choses: tout dégénère entre les mains de l'homme'; and we should not overpress the legislative capacity of a philosophy rooted in unreason. A great opportunity awaits our public schools in the larger meaning of that name. 'When we stick up for public schools in a good stolid conservative way, we are not so much sticking up for a particular English institution,' says Mr. Darwin, 'but rather for the genius and the stupidity of the whole English people.' History teaches us, in other words, that reform itself may be conservatism.

Laurie Magnus.

LITERARY ACROSTICS.

A LITERARY Acrostic is published every month, and the Editor of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers two prizes to the most successful solvers. The winners will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. If several solvers send solutions of equal merit, the two whose answers are opened first will win the prizes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 87.

'Hope ——— in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.'

1. 'We carved not a line, and we raised not a ———,
But we left him alone with his glory.'
2. 'A ——— walk, a ——— talk,
Along the briny beach.'
3. 'In ——— and crown the king stept down,
To meet and greet her on her way.'
4. 'This attracts the soul,
Governs the ——— man, the nobler part.'
5. 'The sails at ——— left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.'
6. 'Tis a long cover'd boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,
Row'd by two rowers.'
7. 'Never harm,
Nor ——— nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.'

RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed on page x of 'Book Notes' in the preliminary pages of this issue; and he must be careful to give also his real name and address.
4. Solvers should not write either the quotations or the references on the same paper as their answers. It is not necessary, or even desirable, to send them at all.
5. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.
6. Answers to Acrostic No. 87 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50 Albemarle Street, London, W.1, and must arrive not later than November 20. No answers will be opened before this date.

ANSWER TO No. 86.

1. S	trea	M
2. E	glantin	E
3. A	nge	L
4. S	ymbo	L
5. O	th	O
6. N	e	W

PROEM: *To Autumn.*

LIGHTS:

1. *I stood tiptoe upon a little hill.*
2. *Ode to a Nightingale*, v.
3. *The Eve of St. Agnes*, xxv.
4. *Endymion*, Book 1.
5. *Otho the Great*, i, 2.
6. *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, iii.

Acrostic No. 85 ('Mighty Nelson'): The prizes are won by Miss G. F. Thomas, Lorraine, Forest Road, Branksome Park, Bournemouth, and Mr. A. Scott, 15 Roseangle, Dundee, Angus, Scotland. These two competitors will choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue.

